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The Week

THE struggle in China has entered a new phase, the exact meaning of which is not yet clear. Observers in Shanghai, and probably even the participants in the struggle, do not know what will develop next. It is certain that the push of the Nationalist army toward the north has ended for the present; and it seems fairly clear that dissension between the right and left wings of the Nationalist government is the chief cause of the military setback. One set of despatches, as we go to press, insists that the break between Chiang Kai-shek and the Hankow faction is complete, and that the former has set up his own government at Nanking; other correspondents maintain that, on the contrary, the quarrel has been patched up and that a pretense of continued animosity is kept up in order to lull Peking and the foreigners at Shanghai into a false sense of security. It is entirely possible, of course, that the victorious Southern forces will break up in dissension, as has happened so often before in Chinese history. But if this takes place, the foreigners who are hugging themselves in the belief that their concessions will thereafter be safe for a long time to come are due for a painful awakening. For all factions in China, however else they may disagree, are united in the resolution that the foreigner must go. The division between Chiang Kai-shek and the group headed by Eugene Chen probably has little to do with Communism as such: the chief present issue between them concerns the manner in which the white man is to be kicked out, Chiang Kai-shek favoring an orderly legal process. If anything is sure, it is that the Shanghai residents who are now pinning their faith to him as a new Chang Tso-lin of the South are deceiving themselves.

THE reply of Eugene Chen, Foreign Minister of the Hankow government, to the identic notes of the five powers, was as reasonable and conciliatory a document as could have been expected. Certainly, he could not have gone further in the direction of moderation and retained his position. The loud dissatisfaction with which it was greeted in Shanghai and London was, of course, a prepared disapproval, voiced by those who are straining at the leash in their eagerness for an excuse to make war upon Hankow. In the note to America (which did not differ materially from those addressed to the other powers), Chen repeats "the expression of profound regret" for the Nanking incident which he made immediately after it happened. He states that every effort will be made to protect foreign lives and property in the future. He agrees on behalf of his government to make good all property damage to the American consulate at Nanking, whether caused by Southern or Northern troops. In regard to reparation for personal injuries to American nationals and other material damage, the Nationalists will pay for all loss not proved to have been caused by the British-American bombardment, by Northern troops, or by *agents-provocateurs*.

THE sticking point comes in the demand for "adequate punishment of commanders of troops"

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which participated in the assaults upon foreigners. This would require, Chen points out, a confession of guilt by the Nationalists which they are not at present prepared to make. They are now conducting "a rigid government inquiry" to ascertain the facts about the Nanking affair; they have previously asked, and they again invite, a joint inquiry by the several nations involved. Chen says that General Ching Chien, who took the city, reports the capture there of about 30,000 Northern troops, with rifles, as well as thousands of camp followers. He implies that the assaults on foreigners may have been, in whole or in part, the work of these, or of *agents-provocateurs* deliberately employed by the Northerners in the effort to embroil the Hankow government with the foreign powers. The demand for "an apology by the Commander-in-chief of the Nationalist army," he says, should also await the results of an inquiry. He adds that the bombardment of Nanking by the foreign warships seems to him also an appropriate subject for an international investigation. Finally, he says that

> the best guarantee for the protection of American and other foreign lives lies in the removal of the fundamental cause of the present troubled relations between Nationalist China and the powers who continue to sustain the regime of the unequal treaties. It is these inequitable treaties that constitute the chief danger to foreign lives and property in China, and this danger will persist as long as effective government is rendered difficult by foreign insistence on conditions which are at once a humiliation and a menace to a nation that has known greatness and is today conscious of renewed strength.

This is an annoying declaration by Mr. Chen. It is, perhaps, undiplomatic or even indiscreet. But it has one merit. It is true. No wonder the British and other intransigent foreigners, after reading it, showed a renewed and almost uncontrollable desire to shoot at its author!

RUSSIA has patched up her quarrel with Switzerland. The latter country now apologizes for the murder of Vorovsky in 1923, and agrees to make a monetary settlement with his daughter. The end of the feud is of decided importance, since it removes the obstacle which has prevented Russia's attending international conferences of the League of Nations held on Swiss soil. It is taken for granted that she will be represented at the Economic Conference and, what is perhaps even more important, at the future sessions of the Preliminary Conference on Disarmament. Her presence here would remove one of the major stumbling blocks among the many obstacles which stand in the path of success. Both Poland and Rumania have said they cannot cut their armies unless Russia will do the same. If she comes to the sessions and agrees (as she has already done in principle) to a great reduction in military strength, it will be necessary for these countries either to come to terms, or find a new alibi in a hurry.

MEANWHILE, the conference itself is still deadlocked, and seems dangerously close to a complete breakdown. France and Great Britain have submitted separate draft treaties, and all efforts to reconcile them have thus far failed. The chief quarrel is the old one over submarines. England, of course, would like to have them abolished, or failing that, at least limited in size and cruising ability. There are also several other differences as to the form, extent and basis of armament reduction. Some of these problems will be carried over into President Coolidge's three-power conference in June, since the present session under League auspices is about to adjourn until late next autumn. As if the outlook were not gloomy enough, the United States announced the other day that it cannot accept any scheme of armament control which involves supervision by any international body. America may sign agreements, but the other powers must take her word for it that she is carrying them out. This is also the position of Italy, and is almost sure to be the view of Russia, if and when she comes in. All in all, anyone who can be encouraged by the present activities on behalf of disarmament must be an optimist not merely incorrigible but fanatic.

NEW YORK STATE, suddenly and to its own astonishment, finds itself saddled with a theatrical censorship which is about as bad as it could be. After years of discussing various schemes, such as volunteer play juries, official censors, or trial in the existing courts, the managers are confronted by a padlock law, passed by the last legislature in its closing hours, and signed by Governor Smith after an inadequate public hearing, of which only the briefest notice was given. Under the new law, a play may be brought into court on the charge that it is indecent or obscene, either in its entirety or in any part, even a single scene, or on the charge that it deals with sex degeneracy or perversion, in no matter what spirit. If it is held guilty, the Commissioner of Licenses may, at his discretion, padlock the theater for as long as a year. To keep a playhouse dark for twelve months means a loss to the owner of a sum which can hardly be less than $50,000 and may be as much as $200,000. Not 5 per cent of the harm of the new statute will come because of legal actions under it: the worst damage will result from the new timidity of theater owners who will now refuse to permit plays to be produced unless they are utterly innocuous. There is the reason to believe that such dramas as "The Last Mile," "What They Wanted," "Desire Under the Elms" and "What Price Glory" would never have been produced if the new law had been in force. There is but one hopeful fact about the present situation. It is so obviously bad that a reaction against it cannot be long delayed.

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WHILE the value of mortgaged farms in the United States was decreasing, between 1920 and 1925, from $13,775,500,013 to $10,790,244,351, the amount of the mortgage debit upon them increased from $4,003,767,192 to $4,517,258,689, according to a new announcement by the Department of Agriculture. Thus the mortgage burden grew from 29.1 percent to 41.9 percent in five years. This progression, of course, injures the farmer—we are all used to that fact; but if it continues much further the security of hundreds of thousands of farm mortgages themselves will be in serious question. This is another reason why the city man cannot allow the farmer to go to pot.

A Good American and a Good Catholic

THE reply of Governor Smith to the questions of Mr. Charles C. Marshall which were published in the Atlantic Monthly leaves, from the point of view of his friends, nothing to be desired. His final confession of faith is a lucid and eloquent expression of what may be called American Catholicism, which insists that "no tribunal of any Church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own Church." It is a complete repudiation of the doctrine and point of view which has been known in Europe as clericalism, and whose activities Gambetta and other French republicans believed to be incompatible with the survival of the liberal state. In the event of a conflict between the Catholic Church and the American government, Governor Smith would be for the government. Whenever and wherever the state asserts its authority, that authority is from his point of view supreme.

Supreme, yes, but with limitations. The Governor is able to assert his undivided loyalty to the American state because the American state imposes limits on its own power. Assuming that government in the United States remains subordinate to the federal Constitution, he does not see how any conflict can occur. The Constitution guarantees to Catholics freedom of worship according to the law and government of their own Church; and this provision is interpreted to mean freedom of teaching. If the Constitution should be amended and freedom of worship for Catholics should be legally circumscribed, as it is in Mexico, Governor Smith, as a loyal Catholic, would have to be for the Church and against the state, but he and other patriotic Catholics consider themselves protected against the possibility of such a conflict. He is free to proclaim undivided loyalty to the American state because the American state has promised not to interfere with his freedom of worship as a Catholic. If a state should pass a law which compelled all children to attend the "godless" public schools, and if the Supreme Court should declare such a law constitutional, American Catholics such as Governor Smith would be confronted by a real difficulty. But the state of Oregon has already passed such a law, and the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. It is conceivable that, at some future time, the public schools of some state might develop an ostensibly "godless" educational method which promised to be uniquely successful in preparing its pupils to use sound judgment in performing their function as citizens, and it is not inconceivable that such a method might be imposed upon all the schools of the state by a kind of regulation which would be declared constitutional. In that event, Governor Smith and other Catholics who believe that parents have a religious right to send their children to church schools would find themselves the victims of a conflict between secular and religious authority. He does not say so, but we infer from his words that if the state commanded Catholics to educate their children in secular schools, he would not feel obliged to obey the law.

This case is, for the present, however, merely speculative. It is as little likely that the issue will be raised in this form during the life of Governor Smith as that the legislature will pass a law dictating the number of priests which is allowed to celebrate the mass in New York City. The Catholic Church and the American secular state have reached a compromise which permits an irresistible force conscientiously to inhabit the same world with an immovable body, by providing that they shall never collide. The proviso may not endure forever, but only those who wish to bring about the collision will tamper with it today. In Governor Smith's eyes, however, there is involved no compromise or no evasion. His personal attitude is one of wholehearted sincerity. In his opinion, secular and religious authority move in different planes. They cannot collide unless one or the other exceeds its franchise. In this respect, he expresses the point of view of American Catholicism at its best. The sincerity, the elevation and the candor of his answer to Mr. Marshall heighten the excellent credit which he already enjoys in the conscience of intelligent American public opinion. It should and will, we hope, improve his chance of being nominated and elected President of the United States, and it should deprive every American citizen of any reasonable ground for refusing to support him on the pretext of his Catholicism.

It does not follow, however, that because, in Governor Smith's case, there is practically no chance of a collision between his allegiance to his Church and his obligations to the state, it would be unreasonable to ask another Catholic the same questions which have been put to Governor Smith. The Governor himself thinks that a repetition of the challenge would be unreasonable. He would like to "join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which

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he has tried to walk humbly with his God." We may safely predict that this prayer will not be granted. In offering it, he is merely attitudinizing. If a member of the Society of Friends, to whom it would be a violation of religious faith to participate in any war, were to offer himself as a candidate for the presidency, of course he would be challenged on the ground of his religion, no matter how humbly he walked with his God. The more humbly he walked, the more disastrous the political result might be. Governor Smith has answered the challenge satisfactorily in his own case, but he has not delivered other Catholics, in an analogous situation, from a similar cross-examination. No doubt, other Catholics could put up a legal argument quite as effective as that of Governor Smith, but, as the New Republic has pointed out in previous articles, the legal aspect is not the important aspect. It is outrageous to rule out a candidate for the presidency merely because he is a Catholic, but it is entirely reasonable to inquire closely, if a candidate is a Catholic, how he wears his Catholicism.

The Catholic Church is the largest and most effectively organized body of public opinion in the United States. No matter how honestly Catholic prelates in America try to keep the Church out of politics, such a coherent and partly directed body of opinion is a latent and to some extent an actual political force of tremendous power. A Catholic is not bound to accept the advice of his ecclesiastical superiors in acting on political questions, but a member of the hierarchy, when he decides to interfere in politics, inevitably exercises a powerful influence over the secular opinions and conduct of lay Catholics. They have already been instructed in the virtue of obedience and of conformity. When Catholic prelates do interfere, as citizens, in political questions, their influence is out of all proportion to the actual weight of their opinions. Some years ago Cardinal O'Connell announced his opposition to the Child Labor Amendment and arranged to have his condemnation of the proposed legislation read in every Catholic church within his jurisdiction. In so doing he was not acting merely as an individual citizen. He was using his authority as a Catholic prelate to kill a proposed law which was then being submitted to the voters of Massachusetts for an advisory opinion, and his opposition was decisive in defeating the measure, to an extent which the influence of no private citizen could have been. The Democrats of New York state were pledged to vote in favor of the Amendment, but when it came up for acceptance or rejection, they ignored their pledge without incurring any rebuke from their leader, who had written the plank into the platform. Cardinal O'Connell's influence as a prelate obviously carried immense weight with the Tammany delegation at Albany. Recently Cardinal Hayes used his influence with the New York legislature in favor of a stage censorship bill. Before he interfered, the bill was considered dead. After his emissary appeared, the opponents of the bill were astounded to find how far his interference tended to undo their work. The bill was finally defeated, but its successor, the so-called padlock bill, which was satisfactory to the Cardinal and was signed by Governor Smith, probably introduces a form of censorship which may be second only to political censorship in its damaging effect on the freedom of the American drama.

The preceding illustrations are not introduced as an argument against the expression of opinions on political questions by Catholic prelates. They are introduced to show how enormous the political power of an organization like the Catholic Church necessarily is. Is it any wonder that some people are suspicious that it might exercise undue influence over the mind of a Catholic President? In this respect, the Church is merely one of the associations within a state which has interests and opinions of its own about public policy and which sometimes exerts itself to subordinate the government to these interests. When Mayor Mitchel of New York, himself a Catholic, inquired too closely into the use which Catholic charitable institutions were making of their subventions from the city, the whole power of the Church in New York City was mobilized against him. It is not too much to say that he was persecuted for interfering, for sound administrative reasons, with the way in which the city's money was being spent. For when Catholics assume an attitude in politics which is dictated by the interests of their Church, they are about as tolerant and just to their opponents as is the Ku Klux Klan to its opponents.

Recent Catholic propaganda against the Mexican government exhibits this character of embittered and thorough-going partisanship. It is the natural product of injured absolutism, and it frequently persuades those who share it to go to extremes in defeating their enemies. The quarrel between the Catholic Church and the Mexican government is one of the most important of all the facts which condition the relation between Mexico and the United States. Those Catholics who have expressed themselves about it wish to have the present Mexican government destroyed; and they are conducting propaganda to that end in the United States. We fully accept Governor Smith's statement that he is opposed to any armed intervention in Mexico in order to rectify the wrongs of the Church. We believe that, were he President, he would not do anything to injure the Calles government in the hope that it might be succeeded by a government more favorable to the Church. But we would not believe as much of many Catholics. Inasmuch as Catholics are peculiarly exposed in their political judgment to an outside organization which is accustomed to speak with authority and to be heard with submission by its own members, their allegiance to the Catholic Church is not irrelevant to their pretensions as presidential candidates. If a trade-unionist were running for President, it would be perfectly proper for a voter to inquire how far the candidate

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would be swayed in his policy as President by his affiliation with organized labor. So it is with a Catholic. Governor Smith has come through the test admirably. He has strengthened himself by his behavior in dealing with a dangerous objection to his popularity. But he has not, as he seems to think, quieted completely the scruples which a voter may reasonably cherish when asked to support a certain kind of Catholic for election to the office of President.

"Reminds of Involuntary Servitude"

LABOR has now for long been subdued by the siren propaganda of "prosperity." A severe jolt was needed to awaken the more innocent even of trade unionists from the illusions of the Civic Federation, of dinners with the mighty, of all the prattle of "identity of interest." And the jolt was administered on April 11 by the Supreme Court in its decision in the Bedford Cut Stone case. By a strange irony, the courts in the United States, as well as in England, seem destined to serve as the most effective promoters of trade unionism. If the latest Supreme Court decision does not lead to powerful and persistent activity among labor in the pursuit of its just aims, it must be too enervated to be aroused by any provocation. For, in the measured language of Mr. Justice Brandeis, concurred in by Mr. Justice Holmes, the latest injunction directed by the Supreme Court is "an instrument for imposing restraints upon labor which reminds of involuntary servitude."

The facts in the Bedford case are, happily, not in dispute. Indiana limestone is produced by twenty-four enterprises in Indiana. These ship 70 percent of all the cut stone used for building construction in the country. They have large financial resources and are not isolated concerns. On the contrary, they had combined in a local employers' organization which was affiliated with the national employers' organization called "International Cut Stone Quarriers' Association." For many years these Indiana limestone companies were operating under agreements with the Journeymen's Stonecutters Association. This union has a membership of about 5,000 persons, divided in 150 locals. By themselves these locals are weak. They are widely scattered throughout the country, and the average number of members in a local union is only thirty-three. Strong employers could destroy a local by "importing scabs" from other cities, and many of the builders by whom the stonecutters are employed in different cities are strong. "It is only through combining the 5,000 organized stonecutters in a national union," according to Mr. Justice Brandeis' dissent, "and developing loyalty to it, that the individual stonecutter anywhere can protect his own job." In 1921, the employers refused to renew the contracts with the national union because certain conditions proposed by the Journeymen were unacceptable. This led to a strike, followed by a lockout, and the organization by the employers of a so-called independent union. The Journeymen then enforced the following provision of their constitution: "No member of this Association shall cut, carve or fit any material that has been cut by men working in opposition to this Association." Thereupon the Bedford Cut Stone Company and its associates asked the Federal Court in Indiana to enjoin the union, the locals and their officers, from urging upon its members observance of their obligation to abstain from working on stone which had been cut at the quarries by members of the employers' union. Judge Anderson of Indiana, whose record is not one of squeamishness in granting labor injunctions, found no warrant for issuing one in this case. His refusal was affirmed by the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit in an opinion by Judge Alschuler, who, by virtue of his experience as mediator in the labor difficulties of the packers, is one of the most knowing judges on industrial matters. The Supreme Court has now reversed the two lower courts and ordered an injunction to issue.

The decision of the Supreme Court will not be intelligible, its true explanations cannot be fathomed, and its meaning for trade unionism will not be adequately understood, without an exact and detailed knowledge of what the stonecutters did and why they did it—the character of the conduct now outlawed and the reasons which impelled it. We turn to the analysis in the Brandeis-Holmes opinion, unchallenged as it is by the majority:

> The manner in which these individual stonecutters exercised their asserted right to perform their union duty by refusing to finish "scab"-cut stone was confessedly legal. They were innocent alike of trespass and of breach of contract. They did not picket. They refrained from violence, intimidation, fraud and threats. They refrained from obstructing otherwise either the plaintiffs or their customers in attempts to secure other help. They did not plan a boycott against any of the plaintiffs or against builders who used the plantiffs' product. On the contrary, they expressed entire willingness to cut and finish anywhere any stone quarried by any of the plaintiffs, except such stone as had been partially cut by the "scabs" of the opposing local union. A large part of the plaintiffs' product consisting of blocks, slabs and sawed work was not affected by the order of the union officials. The individual stonecutter was thus clearly innocent of wrongdoing, unless it was illegal for him to agree with his fellow craftsmen to refrain from working on the "scab"-cut stone because it was an article of interstate commerce.
>
> The manner in which the Journeymens' unions acted was also clearly legal. The combination complained of is the coöperation of persons wholly of the same craft, united in a national union, solely for self-protection. No outsider—be he quarrier, dealer, builder or laborer—was a party to the combination. No purpose was to be subserved except to promote the

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> trade interests of members of the Journeymens' Association. There was no attempt by the unions to boycott the plaintiffs. There was no attempt to seek the aid of members of any other craft, by a sympathetic strike or otherwise. The contest was not a class struggle. It was a struggle between particular employers and their employees. But the controversy out of which it arose related, not to specific grievances, but to fundamental matters of union policy of general application throughout the country. The national Association had the duty to determine, so far as its members were concerned, what that policy should be. It deemed the maintenance of that policy a matter of vital interest to each member of the union. The duty rested upon it to enforce its policy by all legitimate means. The Association, its locals and officers were clearly innocent of wrongdoing, unless Congress has declared that for union officials to urge members to refrain from working on "scab"-cut stone is necessarily illegal if thereby the interstate trade of another is restrained.

At this point the members of the Court divide. Mr. Justice Sutherland, speaking for the majority, composed of the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Van Devanter, Mr. Justice McReynolds, Mr. Justice Butler, holds that the facts just set forth constitute a restraint of interstate commerce under the Sherman Law. Mr. Justice Sanford concurred with the majority because he was "unable to distinguish" "the controlling authority" of the Duplex case (254 U. S. 443). Mr. Justice Stone, in the light of the policy adopted by Congress in the Clayton Act with respect to organized labor, and in the light of "the Standard Oil and the Tobacco cases," "should not have thought" a labor union is prohibited "from peaceably refusing to work upon material produced by non-union labor or by a rival union, even though interstate commerce were affected." But he further thought that "these views were rejected by a majority of the Court" in the Duplex case. These views, he proceeds, "which I should not have hesitated to apply here, have now been rejected again, largely on the authority of the Duplex case. For that reason alone, I concur with the majority." Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis, as already indicated, dissented outright—neither congressional legislation on its face, nor the interpretation of it by the Supreme Court in the Duplex case, to their minds, justified the decision of the majority.

It was settled in the cases against the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company that only *unreasonable* restraints are prohibited by the Sherman Law. *Reasonable* restraints are permitted. But the Sherman Law does not tell us what is "reasonable" and what is "unreasonable." The judges determine that in each case, by applying more or less vague principles to the varying circumstances. The decisive considerations in the decisions are judgments by the judges upon economic policy or, rather, upon the freedom which courts ought to allow to the play of economic forces. It is idle to seek an explanation for the division of the Supreme Court Justices in the Bedford case in any specific authority of the law, whether code or decision. The opinion of the majority reflects the outlook on economic policy and on the coercive function of law in industrial conflicts entertained by the men who compose the majority—Sutherland, Taft, Van Devanter, McReynolds and Butler. Law did not compel the views of these men in this case; their views made the law.

A strange deference to authority moved Mr. Justice Sanford and Mr. Justice Stone. The latter, in view of his apparent convictions on the merits, seems to be particularly deferential to a single case —Duplex Printing Press Co. vs. Deering—which was decided by a divided Court only a few years ago, on which no interests had been built, and which on its facts, as Justices Holmes and Brandeis insist, has "no tendency whatsoever to establish that the restraint imposed by the unions in the case at bar is unreasonable." The conduct condemned in the Duplex case

> was not, as here, a mere refusal to finish particular work begun by "scabs." It was the institution of a general boycott not only of the business of the employer, but of the businesses of all who should participate in the marketing, installation and exhibition of its product. The conduct there condemned was not, as here, action taken for self-protection against an opposing union installed by employers to destroy the regular union with which they long had had contracts. The action in the Duplex case was taken in an effort to unionize an open shop. Moreover, there the combination of defendants was aggressive action directed against an isolated employer. Here it is defensive action of working-men directed against a combination of employers.

The signing of the Clayton Act by President Wilson on October 15, 1914, was made an historic occasion, celebrated by the presentation to Mr. Gompers of the pen which consummated the deed. "This pen with which the President signed the Clayton Bill," wrote Gompers, "has been added to the collection of famous pens at the A. F. of L. headquarters—trophies of humanitarian legislation secured by the Workers of America. This last pen will be given the place of greatest honor—it is symbolic of the most comprehensive and most fundamental legislation in behalf of human liberties that has been enacted anywhere in the world." At about the same time, Mr. Taft, then President of the American Bar Association, dwelt on the beneficent changes wrought by labor organizations in redressing the unfair balance of the common law against labor. "The history of the common law," wrote Mr. Taft, "shows beyond question that its principles were framed in the interest of the employer, and that in the mutual relations of master and servant the servant was at a disadvantage." A series of Supreme Court decisions has now allowed the legitimacy of trade unions in the abstract, but has used the powerful and insidious instrument of the injunction to deny workers that unity of organi-

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zation which is necessary to make the contest of labor effectual. The latest decision says to working men: "You can form a union in order to deal on an equality with employers; in fact, as Chief Justice Taft has pointed out, 'to render this combination at all effective, employees must make their combination extend beyond one shop'; unions are socially necessary to secure and maintain civilized standards of life; employers may confederate, and with their full strength resist the demands of labor; but the members of a national union, united for common ends and dependent for their achievement upon a common loyalty, cannot refuse to work on the product of employers who seek the destruction of their union."

It is for labor to make reply to this doctrine. And sooner or later the reply will come, in this country as in England, through political action. This decision commits a grave wrong against labor. It commits even graver wrong against respect for the judicial process. We do not have to wait for the historian of the future to condemn the partisanship of the present Supreme Court in its dealings with labor, as Chief Justice Taft condemned that of the common law. The only consolation about the Bedford Cut Stone case is that the moral judgment upon the decision has already been authoritatively uttered as part of the decision. Only the sad compulsion of truth could have written this final paragraph in the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Brandeis:

> Members of the Journeymen Stone Cutters' Association could not work anywhere on stone which has been cut at the quarries by "scabs" without aiding and abetting the enemy. Observance by each member of the provision of their constitution which forbids such action was essential to his own self-protection. It was demanded of each by loyalty to the organization and to his fellows. If, on the undisputed facts of this case, refusal to work can be enjoined, Congress created by the Sherman Law and the Clayton Act an instrument for imposing restraints upon labor which reminds of involuntary servitude. The Sherman Law was held in United States vs. United States Steel Corporation, 251 U. S. 417, to permit capitalists to combine in a single corporation 50 percent of the steel industry of the United States, dominating the trade through its vast resources. The Sherman Law was held in United States vs. United Shoe Machinery Co., 247 U. S. 32, to permit capitalists to combine in another corporation practically the whole shoe machinery industry of the country, necessarily giving it a position of dominance over shoe-manufacturing in America. It would, indeed, be strange if Congress had by the same Act willed to deny to members of a small craft of working-men the right to coöperate in simply refraining from work, when that course was the only means of self-protection against a combination of militant and powerful employers. I cannot believe that Congress did so.

To which need only be added, "Mr. Justice Holmes concurs in this dissent."

The American Legion in West Chester

THE little town of West Chester, Pennsylvania, appeared on the map of public interest last week in consequence of the refusal of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School, there situated, to renew the contracts of two teachers, Robert T. Kerlin and John A. Kinneman. These gentlemen had upheld the Students' Liberal Club in discussing the policy of the United States toward Nicaragua, for which the club fell under the animadversion of the local American Legion. Students in the school and townspeople have rallied to the support of the two teachers; Philadelphia and New York papers have sent reporters to the ground, and the teachers have had a good press. The board of trustees, however, remains adamant. It asserts that the action of the Legion had nothing to do with the dismissal of Messrs. Kerlin and Kinneman by refusal to reappoint. It is true, some ten other teachers were notified early in February that, in consequence of the reorganization of the faculty, their services would not in future be required; and neither Kerlin nor Kinneman was notified at this time. Thereafter occurred the meeting of the Liberal Club, the protest of the Legion, and the refusal to reappoint the two teachers who replied to it. The sequence of events suggests a causal relation. Indeed, the Legion, through one Major John A. Farrell, takes credit to itself for having supplied the moral force behind the dismissal.

In any case, behind the action of the board there is a long history. Professor Kerlin went to West Chester five years ago from the Virginia Military Institute, where he had excited hostility owing to his views on the equality of races. At West Chester he has been equally obnoxious to the social group from which the trustees are recruited. He, like Professor Kinneman, has a strong hold on the student body, upon whom he has exerted a stimulating influence. He was the founder of the Liberal Club, and its adviser. It is complained that he brought to the club radical speakers on anti-militarism, and advocates of the rights of youth, and has been a cause of irritation in the community and of unrest in the school. One would think that, in an ideal educational situation, both these gentlemen would be highly valued for their capacity for intellectual leadership, and that whatever inconvenience resulted from the zeal of their pupils or disapproval from others would be cheerfully borne. It cannot be said that such an ideal situation exists at West Chester (or perhaps anywhere else). The trustees of the West Chester Normal School are appointed by the State Superintendent of Education for their local importance, to administer an institution which contributes to local prestige and profit. The material value of the school in the community, rather than its educational and spiritual value, is naturally foremost in their minds.

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Even granting that the trustees are strictly correct in their statement that their action was taken on other grounds than those urged by the Legion, and was in effect, though not formally, determined before the Legion made its protest, the part played by that organization demands consideration as raising the question of its function and effect in American life. The head of the Schlegel Post, in his protest to the president of the institution, took the ground that, while freedom of speech is admirable in the abstract, it should not include the right, on the part of students and faculty in a state institution, to criticize the government. He inquired brusquely whether the purpose of the Liberal Club "is to 'laugh away' patriotism and to instill in the minds of future teachers contempt for the President of the United States and members of his official family." To this, President Andrew T. Smith replied: "The exact purpose of the Liberal Club in this school is that a group of young people, thus volunteering to get together on Sunday evenings, hope to develop within themselves enlightened minds and to do constructive thinking along all phases of life that may command their interest—social, educational, political, religious." The Legion pronounced this answer unsatisfactory, and appointed a committee to investigate the views of the club and of its faculty sponsors. Meanwhile, representatives of the American Legion posts of the county adopted a resolution to the effect that because of the disrespectful attitude of the Liberal Club toward the government, as shown by its discussion of the Nicaragua situation, the committee unanimously condemned the members of the faculty responsible, and called for an investigation by the State Department of Education. Without waiting for the results of either investigation, members of the Legion have expressed themselves freely to the effect that student liberal clubs are part of organized propaganda to spread subversive doctrines throughout American colleges and that $25,000,000 has been sent to the United States from Russia for this purpose, with the implication that the liberal clubs got part of it.

It might be supposed that the absurdity of these views would prove a sufficient antidote to the activities of the Legion, but, unfortunately, this cannot be counted on. It is true, the public is no longer so easily frightened as a few years ago. The change is marked by the fact that the Legion is now commending itself for demanding an investigation "in the midst of ridicule and criticism." But the Legion, however discredited, has organized power, and thus, like the Anti-Saloon League, holds a rod over public officials. And its potentiality for mischief is greater than that of the League, because it has no special function, no proper field of activity, and is open to a variety of suggestions to justify its existence. Protected from criticism by special legislation, it has been the excuse for conventions not unlike those with which civilian Babbitry regales itself. For the rest, it has been left lying about like a loaded gun, a deadly weapon in the hands of anyone who could reach it first. At Centralia, in the state of Washington, the post was reached by the chamber of commerce and induced to join the campaign to drive the I. W. W. out of town. In an Armistice Day parade, the legionaires attacked the I. W. W. hall, and after four of the attacking party were shot down, one of the captured workers, himself a veteran, was terribly beaten, emasculated and lynched, and seven others were sent to prison on long sentences, by a verdict which a majority of the jury now admit was wrung from them by intimidation on the part of the Legion. It has been used by the War Department in its campaign to sustain before the public the dwindling R. O. T. C. courses, which give employment to the superfluous officers of our army establishment. From the first, it has tried to assume the function of patriotic censorship of education.

It is high time that the Legion were told forcibly that its arrogant claim to censor opinion and educational processes is preposterous; and it is to be hoped that the Superintendent of Public Education in Pennsylvania will have the courage to do it. The post at West Chester, unlike the post at Centralia, has stopped short of bloodshed, preferring the subtler method of assassination of character, but it has gone too far. Students and teachers everywhere resent its impertinent interference. As the Haverford News, a student paper, remarks: "Such sinister and systematic intervention on the part of the American Legion and other organizations of a like character represents a definite attempt to establish the gospel of narrow-mindedness." Within the Legion itself, criticism of its action has arisen. Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., who describes himself as chairman of the committee which drew up the preamble to its constitution, writes to the New York World deploring the attacks "which in the name of Americanism deprive American citizens from exercising their constitutional rights." As the New Republic has urged in the case of the I. W. W.'s imprisoned for the Centralia attack, so now in the dismissal of Messrs. Kerlin and Kinneman it repeats, that it is for influential members of the national body to take the lead in the effort to undo the results for which the organization they have sponsored, through its local post, boasts responsibility.

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Who Wants War with Mexico?

The Operation of the Great Artichoke Theory in International Relations

FORGED documents, stories of hidden plots, back-stairs whispering—there seems something devious about our dealings with Mexico. If, in the recent scandal over alleged double dealing, there may be much smoke and no fire, the State Department, by the previous shiftiness of its arguments and by its maligning of a friendly government with charges of Bolshevism and international intrigue in Central America, has prepared the public to believe any story of possible chicanery.

Today, the unexpectedly conciliatory spirit of Washington toward Mexico reënforces suspicion. If, after the tortuous diplomacy of the past year and our unnecessary, Dantesque pilgrimage along the brink of war, we have landed in the swamp of petty scandal, we owe it to the fact that Mr. Kellogg has raised such a false dust-cloud to conceal salient deeds and facts. To support his charge of Bolshevism, he dragged forth a misinterpreted utterance of Chicherin which had been adequately answered years ago by the Mexican government; to prove Nicaraguan interference (reserved as our monopoly), not a scrap of documentation. Mr. Kellogg permitted endless misinformation to circulate concerning the "menaced" oil property, and, when obliged to satisfy public curiosity, produced a list of rebel and conformist companies which was obviously fantastic. Following a reckless policy of creating international antagonism, of befogging every issue, and never making public the documented facts, Mr. Kellogg was inevitably doomed to become entangled in ever more ridiculous nets of rumor, scandal and deceit. The solution of the moot difficulties with Mexico, now on the horizon, will come as nothing less than his salvation.

But there are still Nicaragua and China! Moreover, even if arrangements have been arrived at, belatedly, with Mexico, the American democracy is still entitled to know the truth about serious disreputable occurrences, whether they implicate either of the two governments or third parties. This is not the first time Mexican imbroglios have involved harmful secret documents, forged and authentic. During the past fifteen years, there have been, and there now are, elements in the United States which have schemed for the dismemberment of Mexico. In governmental archives and in other quarters exists documentary proof of their activities. It is high time that all the cards were laid on the table.

Cavour, the great minister of the House of Savoy, once indicated how he intended to unify Italy: "I shall eat it," he said, "like an artichoke, leaf by leaf." But if the artichoke method may serve national liberation, it may also enslave neighboring peoples. There are those in our midst who have long felt that Mexico is the God-given artichoke of our imperial republic. The history of the relations between the two countries reveals that both private interests and public officials have, time and again, in almost every period, connived to obtain additional strips of Mexican territory. During the past fifteen years, the artichoke method of dismemberment has had its out-and-out exponents. Former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson cynically outlined the proper process in the "World Outlook" some five years ago. Roughly, the artichoke plan is, first, to cut off northwest Mexico, including the entire petroleum area, either annexing it to the United States or creating a frank protectorate; second, to precipitate intervention in Mexico proper in order to impose a puppet president—*à la* Diaz in Nicaragua; third, to foment an independent Maya state in southeast Mexico, which will ultimately form part of a Central American union under our hegemony.

I

During the Villa-Carranza period, this plan was actively, though secretly, pushed. Some years ago, I went over a sheaf of letters extracted from the files of one of the oil companies by a relative of the vice-president, documents which he declared he subsequently turned over to the Mexican government. These were letters from Teapot Dome principals, letters from Central America on consular paper, letters on State Department paper, letters from prominent American lawyers (one of whom desired to have charge of the legal reconstruction of Mexico when the plan was a *fait accompli*)—a far-flung scheme of artichoke dismemberment. Neutralization of the oil zone was suggested, and the use of American troops to impose as Mexican president a dummy figure, an out-worn aristocrat, descendant of the Emperor Iturbide. Part of this widely ramified plot was exposed in a series of published documents in El Universal Grafico last year; and another part promised to come to light in a leading American magazine—but the series suddenly and mysteriously halted, after the publication of a single non-committal article. Again, at the close of the Carranza period, the Artichoke party was hectically at work, as the news-records of that time plainly reveal; its plans for revolution in Mexico and subsequent intervention were aborted by the coup of Obregon.

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That the Bolshevik bogey, used by Mr. Kellogg, early became part of the scheme for aggression by the Artichoke party was revealed by some confessions published in the Hearst papers. These told of faked documents sold to an interested American capitalist to prove Mexico's sinister affiliations with Moscow. The hand of this same individual may apparently be seen in a bundle of partially authentic, partially forged, documents dealing with a revolutionary arms-shipment, of which our State Department was supposedly cognizant. These documents, I am told, came into the hands of Mexican representatives in the United States. Other hints that the Artichoke party may still be in existence are found in Mr. Isaac Marcosson's first Saturday Evening Post article, in which he suggested the possibility of the "neutralization" of the petroleum zone. That such "neutralization" might take place was a rumor widely current several months ago in Mexico City diplomatic circles. This rumor synchronized with the unearthing of an extensive revolutionary plot in the Tampico oil region. A Mexican official informed me that the leader of this movement was brought surreptitiously to Tampico on an oil company's steamer. So much for the Artichoke party.

It is unpleasant for any serious journalist when he finds it necessary to mingle fact and rumor; I should prefer to leave that to Mr. Kellogg, who for a short time promised to become our leading expert in that technique. But these indications of underhand dealings are too numerous and too convincing to be ignored. They show in what peril are the relations of the two countries, and point to the need for a searching, comprehensive investigation of the Mexican oil companies. Some of these companies have been scrupulously honest; but others have left, and still leave, a trail of corruption and bloodshed. Many of the titles to property which we have been asked to protect, with our money and the lives of our soldiers, are not merely faulty, but were originally obtained, according to Americans employed in the oil-fields, by falsification of records, fraud, bribery, and even murder. Legitimate children have been set down in legal records as bastards, bastards have been "made legitimate," minors have been kidnapped, widows have been tricked, public records have been destroyed. The story of the seizure of the "black gold" of Mexico is one of Borgian violence. Nothing is more needed, in order to establish American capital investment in Mexico upon a legitimate and honorable basis, and to promote sound international relations, than an adequate investigation of this whole matter; nothing else would serve to clear up the dark pages of secret diplomacy, remove the menace of future intervention, and frustrate the projects of the Artichoke party, than such a house-cleaning. Open covenants openly arrived at! Open foreign investments, openly guaranteed!

II

A settlement of the Mexican issue cannot come too soon. As one writer has expressed it, every unfriendly note to Mexico is an engraved invitation to General Bingity-Bang, out in the brush, to start his fireworks. Never, during my ten years of close study of the Mexican scene, have I found it more difficult to forecast the near future than at the present moment. Conflicts that have been settled provisionally during the past eight years have now flared out again. For nearly a decade, Mexico has been swinging toward a social equilibrium, toward a permanent era of reconstruction. Whether that promise is ever to be realized, we may learn during the next twelve months. After the overthrow of Francisco Madero by the bloody Huerta, sponsored by Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, Mexico steadily disintegrated into anarchy. But from the days of Carranza and the defeat of Villa by Obregon in Celaya to the present, the country's fever has slowly been subsiding. The relapses have been minor. The era of violence, which was most in evidence from the fall of Huerta to the Villa-Carranza split, has gradually died away. Yet today, a new ordeal for Mexico's new-found stability is obviously at hand. As at no other time since 1910 and 1914, the atmosphere is full of danger. A new revolution may come. Even now it seems possible that the 1928 presidential election may not be achieved peaceably.

The Mexican revolution, which was rooted in "Land and Liberty," is flowering into militant nationalism. China and Mexico are not so far apart in spirit! Racial, class and institutional barriers have broken down: all has been thrust into the new melting pot. The process is one of transition from a colonial status to the cultural and economic independence of nationhood. The struggle is similar to Italian unification, to our own war of independence, save that it is complicated by more serious racial and cultural factors. The process in Mexico has three major facets: (a) regulation of foreign-dominated industries; (b) conservation of resources; (c) improvement of the condition of the submerged races and classes. The fight for (a) and (b) is exemplified in the new code of laws covering mining, land, petroleum, forestry, irrigation, immigration and taxes, putting into effect the 1917 Constitution. The old wild-cat era has definitely ended. The pre-1910 Diaz period is comparable to our own post-Civil-War period, when the resources of our great West were flung away recklessly to promote rapid development. (In our case, of course, no great cultural dislocation was created.) The present Mexican tendency corresponds to the Roosevelt-Pinchot conservation movement: sound nationhood versus reckless capitalistic exploitation.

A strong-sinewed new nation cannot be built on an ignorant down-trodden peasantry, nor on a raw

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proletariat, yanked overnight into factories and mines, while still chained to primitive agrarian standards of living. Hence Article 123 of the Mexican constitution, which is a comprehensive bill of rights for labor; hence the provisions for the restoration of the village communal lands (*ejidos*) and for the establishment of the inalienable family patrimony. Hence the preoccupation, on a national scale, with popular education.

But achieving national status has been complicated, not merely by foreign aggression, but by the lack of organized popular groupings to sustain revolutionary change. Politically, labor-syndicates are still a hollow reed. The peasants are ill organized. The bourgeoisie is almost non-existent. Only the army and the bureaucracy are powerful—and both are notoriously treacherous. Here is the paradox: the attempt to build a modern, liberal state with feudal instruments of social control. In order to achieve political stability, Mexico must strive for economic independence and domestic ownership of its resources. It must build up an educated, healthy, organized citizenry out of widely disparate racial and cultural elements. It must delimit the power of the army and substitute democratic agencies. A socialized national economic mechanism is the only safeguard against future capitalistic domination. This development entails the temporary slowing down of industrial processes, which are further hampered by the new demands of increasingly class-conscious workers. The whole process is a drastic experiment of a kill-or-cure sort which is completely alien and incomprehensible to the ordinary American with his booster philosophy. It is made doubly difficult because of slender financial resources, and because of the unremitting pressure of foreign capital and government. The curtailment of army graft introduces another element of danger. These conflicting tendencies have now all drawn to a head. This is a crucial moment in Mexican history.

III

Calles, like Coolidge, has made financial retrenchment the cornerstone of his domestic policy. His main corollary efforts have been to reorganize agriculture, to find a prompt solution of the land-distribution problem, to establish numerous agricultural, industrial and normal schools in strategic centers, to create coöperative rural banks, to set up rural credit and to promote irrigation projects. The Mexican Light and Power Company, for instance, will have completed, before the end of Calles' administration, a dam supplying water to 95,000 acres in Guerrero. Other irrigation projects requiring heavy expenditures are under way.

In other respects, the Calles nationalistic program has also been constructive. It has consistently promoted communications, the *sine qua non* of stable politics. The 1927 budget contains twenty million pesos for road-building. New auto roads now ray out from the capital to Puebla, Pachuca, Cuernavaca. The Lincoln highway to the border and the road to Tampico are under construction. Before 1928, the new road from Mexico City to the port of Acapulco—the route of the old Chinese trade—will be finished. This month will see rail connections established between Guadalajara, the second largest city, and the northwest coast. This new line will make accessible products now imported from the United States, will bring San Francisco closer than New York, will destroy the geographic and military isolation of Sonora and Sinaloa. Airplane service has been established between Tampico and Mexico City and between Tampico and the border town of Matamoras. Eight hundred and eleven trips were made in 1926, totaling 1,619 hours and covering 156,392 kilometers. This month witnesses the inauguration of hydroplane passenger and freight service between Vera Cruz and Yucatan. Various other airplane concessions are pending, including mail service to San Antonio, Texas. Long distance telephone service will soon connect Mexico City with any point in the United States or Canada. New wireless and wire telegraphic communications have been opened with the Central American countries. The Secretariat of Communications has just acquired a 20,000-watt transmitting radio station for sending commercial messages to Europe, Central and South America.

Mexico still occupies second place in petroleum, though production has steadily declined since 1922. On the other hand, mining, in spite of the drop in the price of silver, has enjoyed its two greatest bonanza years in 1925 and 1926. In 1925, the production of gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and antimony was valued at $285,325,163 (pesos); in 1926, at $319,297,828 (pesos). Silver production increased 5.78 percent; lead, 22.70 percent; copper, 4.72 percent; zinc, 130.20 percent; antimony, 86.94 percent. (Figures supplied by the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor.)

Agricultural production has almost reached pre-revolutionary output. Foreign trade has steadily increased, as may be seen by contrasting the last ten years of the Diaz regime and the ten years since the adoption of the 1917 Constitution:

	Imports (pesos)	*Exports*	*Balance*
1901-10	$1,929,932,769	$2,344,784,626	$414,851,857
1917-26	3,339,810,361	5,867,706,263	2,527,895,902
Increase	1,409,877,592	3,522,921,637	2,113,043,045
Percentage	73.05	150.25	509.36

(Figures supplied by the National Bureau of Statistics.)

These are solid achievements, all of which tend toward economic freedom, and the substitution of organized social forces for military control. Yet the very effort expended in these directions has made the feudal Mexican army, ever jealous of civil encroachments, once more restive. The Calles administration has invited a new conflict be-

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tween the civil and military powers. Has the present regime succeeded in creating a patriotic *esprit de corps* in the army? Will it be able to hand over governmental control in orderly succession for the continuation of the present work of reconstruction? Will the disgruntled army elements make common cause with the Yaqui revolt, the Catholic rebellion in Jalisco and Guanajuato, and the hungry *émigrés* of reactionary fame—De la Huerta, Felix Diaz, Pablo Gonzales? Will the generals once more yield to the temptation of personal ambitions? These questions will probably be answered this year. Given a fair chance, Calles will probably weather any difficulty. If he does not do so, the blame will almost certainly be with the attitude of Washington. The policy of the United States is, at present, the unknown quantity which will make the equation of Mexican political equilibrium come out right or wrong. Our historic role in Latin America for the last twenty-five years has been to forge an alliance with the anti-democratic feudal forces, preventing sound economic and social progress, and thus postponing an orderly solution of political problems. Our continued antagonism to the Calles government will play into the hands of the army party, which has been the curse of Mexico for a century, will destroy constructive achievement and undermine the most stable, serious and popular government Mexico has produced since the fall of Diaz. And such a disaster will again encourage the Artichoke party on our side of the border.

CARLETON BEALS.

The Real Chinese Crisis

I SHOULD like to emphasize the word *real* in my title. The apparent crisis is that which fills columns in the daily press; foreigners killed, houses looted, security so threatened that foreigners are being concentrated in a few ports and warned to leave the country, the turmoil of war and the barbarities of civil war. Yet in all the rumor, gossip and facts that come to us, there is a frequent note struck, which is a sign, to the discerning, of the real crisis through which China is passing. The entire animus of the latent — in some cases flagrant — propaganda to which we are treated is directed against the nationalistic movement and forces. The Northern forces are invariably let down as easily as possible. Why?

The most direct way to get at the reality of the situation is to inquire what the tone of the news would have been, were it proved that the retreating Shantung troops—whose commander is an ex-bandit—had done the killing and the looting. The answer is that the incidents would surely have been glossed over; they would have been treated as unfortunate concomitants of civil war; it would have been noted that defeated armies were wont, on their retreats, to get out of hand. Doubtless, demands for indemnities would have been made in due course on the Peking government. But we should have had no appeals from Shanghai and London for concerted intervention, for blockades of Chinese ports. In other words, there would have been no clamor for us to take sides with the Cantonese against the Northerners. Just as the news has been colored against the Nationalists, it would have been smoothed over in favor of the Northerners. I cannot imagine anyone who has followed the course of events in China denying this statement.

Again why? What is the significance of this double method in reporting news? If it were true that the Peking government genuinely represents the unity and integrity of China against a band of outlaw rebels, it could be understood. If it were true that there is a stable government in Peking which maintains general and possesses moral and legal authority, the discrimination could be understood. If the Northern troops were, in general, better disciplined and comported themselves in a more orderly way, it could be understood. But it is notorious that each of these suppositions is contrary to fact.

The Peking government has, for many years, been a blind creature in the hands of whatever military overlords happened to be in power. In common with many others, I have seen the President and Cabinet in power thunder against some general, denounce him as a traitor, offer rewards for his head, and, a few weeks later, take it all back, and issue precisely similar edicts against the generals at whose behest the first pronunciamentos were made. I well remember my surprise, when, a newcomer in Peking, I was told by our minister, Mr. Reinsch, in a matter-of-fact way, that the Peking government would not last a month, save for the recognition of foreign powers. It did not take a long residence to convince me that he had revealed no secret of state. In the country at large, the Peking government commanded no authority. Its own supporters kept back its revenues for their own purposes, raised and supported their own troops for their own uses. And this was long before there was an organized popular rebellion against Peking.

No, the explanation of the tone and temper of the news we are receiving lies in the simple fact that the Nationalist government represents a national movement, and that, under the circumstances, any national movement in China is bound to be anti-foreign—against, that is, the special privileges which foreign nationals enjoy because of old treaties. It is not surprising that the mass of for-

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eigners in commercial and industrial centers like Hankow and Shanghai are against the so-called Cantonese revolution. Nor is their opposition wholly to be explained on strictly economic grounds. The American economic stake in China is not large; yet in the large centers, outside of missionary groups, Americans generally share the feelings of the English residents, feelings which center and flourish in the foreign clubs, where most of the correspondents imbibe their ideas and gather the news they send. The whole mode of life has become bound up with the conditions which were established under the old regime of one-sided privileges. It *is* disturbing to find an old and seemingly settled order shaken at its foundation. That is what is happening in China, and that is the real crisis. China is becoming a nation, in the modern sense of the word.

It requires a good deal of equanimity, of insight and sympathy, in the midst of such a situation, to see things in perspective. It is natural enough for those immediately affected by the formation of a new order to see in it nothing but an anti-foreign manifestation, stirred up by unruly spirits. But it is highly important that those at a distance realize that this anti-foreign phase is but the external aspect of a great internal revolution. A people of four hundred million population, with a continental area, cannot be transformed from a medieval aggregate into a modern nation without tremendous throes. That transformation, preparing for the last ten years, has reached an overt climacteric expression. Unless we in this country bear this fact in mind, we shall have no understanding of what is going on in China.

I received, the other day, a personal letter from an American teaching in a missionary institution in China. His home and personal possessions had been looted. His professional career is interrupted; he will probably have to make a new start in life. Yet he writes: "Ultimately the Nationalists are right. All of us foreigners in China were inextricably bound into an order which a new and enlightened China must do away with. We cannot be bitter because, in their eagerness to destroy that structure, they fail to distinguish the individuals who sustain it." Such magnanimity and far-sightedness may not be expected of all persons who have suffered. But we, who do not suffer, should know that these words state the essence of the whole matter; what I am saying is but an amplification of his statement as a text.

I would not give the impression that the transformation will be complete with a victory of the Nationalist forces, even if they come into possession of Peking. The full task of making over China into a modern state is a work of generations. But we are witnessing a dramatic and critical episode in that transformation, and its consequences, when it is successful, will mark a definite turn in the course of world-history. There are few events in history comparable with it; possibly none in our own day, even the World War. Such a statement, given our habitual provincialism and racial snobbishness, may seem foolishness to the wise. But I doubt if most of the great changes of history were not obscured to their contemporaries by superficial froth and clamor. We think of Asia as outside of our world, and it is hard for us to recognize that any changes going on there are of great importance. But when the changes have produced their consequences, and are seen in historic perspective, it is certain that the re-constitution of the life of the oldest and most numerous people of Asia will stand revealed as at least as significant as the transition of Europe out of medievalism into a modernized culture. Such questions as the bearing of the changes upon the special privileges of a few thousand foreigners, the control of India by Great Britain, and the other features which are now conspicuous, will fall into place as paragraphs in a volume. It is not easy to take a long view of contemporary events. But without such a view, we shall see in the events in China simply sound and fury, a confused medley of passions. This result is not only intellectually unfortunate; it is practically dangerous. For it marks a disposition upon which race and color prejudice and deliberate propaganda operate disastrously. Our historic sympathy with China is in danger of being undermined; further untoward events in China might draw us, on the basis of inflammation of emotions due to misunderstandings, into support of European policies which are contrary both to our traditions and to our interests.

JOHN DEWEY.

Washington Notes

I REGRET to report that things are not breaking so well at No. 15 Dupont Circle as they were. Somehow or other, the plans for a peaceful summer, with the leading agriculturists in the West making pilgrimages to the Summer White House in Wisconsin, or wherever it is finally decided to locate it, and with brave Bill Butler touring around in the Corn Belt with happy results, have suddenly got all messed up. Of course, the person primarily responsible for this unpleasant state of affairs is the Hon. Frank O. Lowden, who recently tossed his broad-brimmed and heavily braided farmer's bonnet into the good old ring, and started out to round up delegates to the Republican national convention of 1928. Thereby he has caused extreme anguish to the venerable and devoted Papa Stearns and has darkened life generally for all those New England intimates who surround the noble Calvin and constitute his unofficial Cabinet. It is perfectly natural that they should have this feeling, because it is clear that their hour of prestige and power terminates with his. When those three White House Secretaries who hover around the White House think of going back to the days when they will no longer be able to choose every night among three to five dinner invitations, their pain is acute and undisguised.

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No one will be deceived—that is, no one who knows the game of politics from a piece of green cheese—as to the reality of Mr. Lowden's candidacy, because of the way in which it has been camouflaged. These newspaper articles which declare him not at all interested in being President personally, but concerned only in sending to the White House a man from the West who will be sympathetic with agriculture and earnestly desirous of helping the farmer, are the bunk. They are as unreal as the statement, made by his Iowa friends after visiting him, that if sufficient demand for him could be shown in the eleven Corn Belt states, Mr. Lowden would seriously consider relinquishing his personal desire for private life and reluctantly consent to become a candidate. I hate to be low, but the answer to that is, "So's your Old Man." Reluctantly, fiddlesticks! What it means is that Mr. Lowden has made his decision, and is at work just as hard as he knows how, but that for obvious reasons he wants to keep under as much cover as he can, personally, until the job has been done in the Corn Belt. One advantage in this is that it enables him to preserve the dignified attitude that the nomination is seeking him, instead of his seeking the nomination. The other advantage is that it keeps him from becoming too fine a target for the 100 percent Coolidge journalists, who have sailed on the Mayflower with the President or have been invited to the White House on occasions other than the receptions to the judicial or legislative branch of the government. In a word, it keeps most of the newspaper editors off his back, and enables him to have his friends and advisers come to his home for political conferences, without tripping over a dozen reporters on the porch steps.

The Lowden candidacy may not meet with complete success. It may not even last until convention time, although I think it will, and that the chances are at least fifty-fifty he will be nominated. But whatever the outcome, it has now taken on real substance and character. And that is exactly the trouble, as they see it on Dupont Circle. That is exactly what has messed up the summer prospects. It has created a situation where Mr. Coolidge can no longer sit still, and be sure that the nomination will drop into his lap. That was the goal toward which the little inner circle was hopefully working.

If stalwart Calvin is to be renominated, before long he must abandon the attitude of being a disinterested spectator, and use the power of the presidency to line up delegates. He must make known his desire for another term, and do so in the face of a strongly protesting candidate and a large disaffected section. This, I think, even a Mayflower publicist will admit is anything but an ideal setting for a President out to bust the anti-third-term tradition. There are those who think it would be foolish to try, under such circumstances. Since the Lowden announcement—for that is what it was—I have talked with a number of Republicans of various factions. It is generally agreed among them that, while Mr. Coolidge can hold the pose of complete inertia some time longer, Governor Lowden has placed him in a position where, before fall, he will either have to shoot or surrender the fowling piece.

However, Mr. Coolidge has accomplished such marvelous things by the simple process of doing nothing that I am getting canny about predicting anything at all about him. All I feel safe in saying is that the Lowden candidacy will make it more difficult this summer to get the farm journal editors and the professional friends of the farmers in a Coolidge-for-1928 frame of mind merely by inviting them to visit for a day or so at the Summer White House. These gentlemen realize that, with Lowden actively in the field, they will either have to support him or go dead against the sentiment of their states—which none of them wants to do. There will not, therefore, be the complete sympathy between stalwart Cal and his summer visitors that there would have been if the Lowden movement were not under way. As for poor Bill Butler, what luck for him! Never a tactful soul, never one to inspire spontaneous affection or one with whom politicians fall in love at first sight, the Lowden movement is going to make his tour of the West a bumpy proposition. Bill takes considerable knowing before you warm up to him. I know that from personal experience, and, considering all the circumstances, I think it would have been wiser to call that trip of his off. He can't do any good out there, and he is apt, in his innocent, guileless way, to do considerable harm. And I certainly would hate to see that.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A New York Diary

Antheil's Horrid Sounds

George Antheil, a young Polish-American composer domiciled in Paris, presented at Carnegie Hall on April 10 a program of his own works. No part of this program was louder than the preliminary outcries of his overzealous friends and press-agents; publicity had been pursued to the point of including in the program notes two hopeful reminders of the rioting elicited by the "Ballet Mécanique" in Paris. Critics generally, resenting the advance warnings that they, not Antheil, were on trial, displayed long yellow fangs which next morning they buried in the unfortunate composer's leg, so that, on the whole, it may be said that advance reports and press comments exactly canceled out. Somewhere between the two sides, and marked by many hobnailed boots, there lie Truth and Mr. Antheil. The latter's string quartet, perhaps designedly, suggested in its quiet way a Monday breakfast repression aggravated by hyperacidity, recollections of last night's Schoenberg, and an increasingly untidy wife. In the sonata, wherein the announced attempt was to contrast the percussive effect of piano and drum with banal sentimentalities from the violin, the reproach that such a scenario would have sufficed in itself was escaped by the amusing and suggestive attempts of the moronic violin to establish an understanding with the ribald and sophisticated piano—attempts which characteristically ended in an early relapse into "The Shade of the Old Apple-Tree." The horrendous "Ballet" itself, scored for eleven pianos and every noise-making device known to science save featherweight subway gates, conveyed visually, as well as audibly, the sort of conception which brought it forth: not only were there artificially reproduced, with sometimes surprising fidelity, the ponderous struggles of great engines and the chatter of small, but, on the visible

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side, a group of female pianists, after a few moments of boiler-making, suddenly became stenographers taking multiple dictation from the Old Man in the person of Mr. Eugene Goossens; a moment later, they were a squad of frantic switchboard operators. The scene was that of the familiar hive of activity, and the figure of the composer, scooting from covert to his bench (at the mechanical piano), was that of the smart office boy severing relations with the Saturday Evening Post; the din was stilled in a twinkling at the end of each separate half of the fantasy, and a stickler for realism could only regret that the intervening minute, obviously representing lunch, preceded, instead of following, the siren. And if the "Ballet Mécanique" is as empty of music as an actual foundry and as interminable as a day's work therein, if the audience failed to riot this time only because paying to hear hideous noise is bus-man's holiday to the New Yorker, yet one takes the impression that this is a very highly organized and articulated system of noises, a pattern too long to comprehend at a single unrolling, but an intellectual achievement notwithstanding; and one suspects that, in each item on his program, Mr. Antheil, provided he did not too much wish to please, accomplished something close to what he aimed for. That certainly was the case with the "Jazz Symphony," the least esoteric and the best-received number on the program, and probably the most successful attempt in this genre by anyone save Gershwin. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that Antheil will from time to time emerge from the abstract long enough to share with the public the pleasure of the more obvious of his imaginings.

A New Realism

In "The Spider," which is now on display at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater, New York, we see a familiar theatrical device carried to what seems to be its logical conclusion. Some years since, the musical shows began to restore the intimacy between actors and audience which had been lost since the days of the moralities. First, they paraded their nymphs along runways and down the aisles, or had them throw toys to the enraptured occupants of the front rows. Mr. Earl Carroll a few years ago improved on this by inviting gentlemen from the audience to come up on the stage and indulge in ballroom dancing with the ladies of the ensemble, for half an hour before the more formal part of the performance began. Then came, in the field of the legitimate drama, such experiments as "Pasteur," in which for one act the audience impersonated a conference of doctors, and the dignified old gentleman in the seat next to you was likely to rise and burst into denunciation of the notion that serum treatment could prevent rabies. The astute Messrs. Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, authors of "The Spider," have gone further and made the audience *particeps criminis* in a murder. The performance begins as though you were attending, not a drama in the Forty-sixth Street Theater, but a vaudeville show in the Tivoli. There are several routine acts, and then comes the leading turn, that of "Chatrand, the Great." In its course Chatrand, a magician, passes through the audience giving the usual "mind-reading" performance, with the aid of an assistant on the stage. He takes a locket from a young lady in E-2, much to the displeasure of the gentleman with her. There is an altercation, the lights go out, a shot is fired, and when the lights come on again, the protesting escort lies on the runway, dying. The show is stopped, the manager comes before the curtain, asks whether there is a doctor in the audience, gets one. A policeman comes down the aisle, orders everyone to keep his seat. Other bluecoats appear and guard all the exits. A lady who rises and demands the right to go home to her baby is sternly suppressed. During the remainder of the evening, the police, aided by the magician, put the audience through a species of third-degree in the effort to frighten the murderer into confessing. A mock spiritualistic seance is held, at which the murdered man materializes, the incidents of the crime are reënacted, etc. Without this use of the audience as part of the show, "The Spider" would be a rather second-rate mystery melodrama. Its lines are unimportant, its acting and direction mediocre. But when a bluecoat stands at your elbow with his revolver ready, when the inspector shakes his finger at you, saying he knows the guilty man is somewhere among you, and orders up enough patrol wagons to take the whole body of playgoers to headquarters, it needs a blasé spectator not to respond to the thrill. "The Spider's" appeal is not that of drama, exactly; it is more allied to the sensations experienced while taking a roller-coaster ride; but it is great fun.

A Garden Where No Child Plays

It is an astonishing and a fearsome sight—the exhibition at the New York Public Library, palpably labeled "Early American Children's Books," from which the spirit of children has so completely slipped away. One's eye is struck by the placard borne by a planting of 1774—"The Tom Thumb Play Book—to Teach Children Their Letters as Soon as They Can Speak, Being a New and Pleasant Method to Allure Little Ones in the First Branch of Learning." And as we follow the path along the plots devoted to religious tracts for the long-suffering young, New England primers containing not only the alphabet but four and five-syllable words, we realize that this early planting, with few exceptions, is symbolic of the attitude of the gardeners toward the children who would play there. Even the poets, who might have been expected to come closest to the heart of the child, blossomed forth in "Original Poems Calculated to Improve the Mind of Youth and Allure it to Virtue." Many of the books in the collection contain on the title-page the forerunner of the publisher's blurb, addressed not, as we might have been led to expect, to the ultimate reader—the child—but to the adult, who was supposed to have the child's interest at heart. Conversely, even the smallness of the books, which undoubtedly sprang from economic reasons, seems to owe its existence to the utter disregard for the rights of childhood. Authors, publishers, purchasers formed a deadly triangle to which no such rights were admitted. To the educator, the psychologist and the maker of books, the exhibition is a ground fertile of suggestion—but to the spirit of childhood a barren wilderness.

To Honor the Prince of Peace

Now that Easter is over, I should like to record the fact that my favorite commemorative gift this year was the "trimmed egg," sold by one of New York's leading toy stores, and containing a large, fully equipped toy submarine.

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Spring Voices

April Motley

These are the days of being a little mad;
Light and shadow are shaken with crazy mirth;
  The wind in the willows is mad;
The grass roots sing a madness under the earth;
The birch is whispering wildly beneath his bark,
And the broad hill swells with madness along his slow gray arc.

It is not safe to walk with the earth today,
Then let us walk and be mad, and trade the dust
  Of bodies for light today;
And blood for the sap of wind, and break the crust
Of this dream we live of slowness and shape and weight
And the spirit dis-spirited tugging forever its fleshly freight.

We will walk now on the light of the April noon
As bees do, crystal-winged, or snakes of wind,
  We will walk till the mad blue noon
Wears out at length in the west, and the dark is thinned
With stars, and mad words whispered are suddenly
Merged in the madness of night like birds in a cloudy tree.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

March . . . April

This is a sullen time of year;
The sodden earth is ill at ease
Where lie the roots of trees.

Rigid the hills, the fields austere;
Unwillingly, the thought of buds
Occurs along the woods.

A smudge of green is here and here;
A ragged cloud goes limping by
An uneventful sky.

This is a miserly time of year;
Reluctant coming, reluctant going—
And the sap's strength growing, growing!

LEONORA SPEYER.

Spring in a Dry Valley

Music has gone out of my head, that came
Of man's world striking at the drum-head breast
And the voice of the blood's pipes singing against that strike;
For by the balanced sound that bears no name
More apt than silence I am now possessed
And silence and my music are unlike.

And more than music has taken itself away;
The sharp stones of knowledge thrown in the brain
And the proud dogs that howled at the tender and small.
Now the blind, thin dust and the pitiful clay,
The ant and the spider, the mouse and his dry grain
Enter unchallenged and not turned at all.

Music that was an artifice is gone
From me, and those that have a stillness here
In this dry field of a valley men think unkind
Have made a chord, sunlight, stubble and stone,
And they are singing it aloud in mere
Silence that is better than music in the mind.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

What Ducks Require

Ducks require no ship and sail
Bellied on the foamy skies,
Who scud north. Male and female
Make a slight nest to arise
Where they overtake the spring,
Which clogs with muddy going.

This zone is temperate. The pond,
Eye of a bleak Cyclops visage, catches
Such glints of hyacinth and bland
As bloom in aquarelles of ditches
On a cold spring ground and render
A space supportable, and a time tender.

The half-householders for estate
Beam their floor with ribs of grass,
Disdain your mortises and slate
And Lar who invalided lies,
Planting dangerous at the earth-heart
Where warm and cold precisely start.

Furled, then, the quadrate wing,
And, O lewd fox and fowler's ear,
The epithalamion unsung:—
Web-toes of progeny appear,
Cold-hatched, and from the blink of birth
Suckle the sweet cold breast of earth.

The prodigious duck makes melodies
You have not learned, pale scholars: low
On ravelling banks of fissured seas
In reeds nestles or will rise and go
Where Capricornus dips his hooves
In the blue chasm of no wharves.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

Good Friday

Not long ago as time learns
Nor long as goodness grows,
A rebel died upon a hill,
Tortured by his foes.

And now to celebrate his pain
Folk nibble sugared buns;
Children suck at candy crosses
Given by pious ones.

Preachers, with his soul in prison,
Soon will clamor, *"Christ is risen!"*

DEVERE ALLEN.

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Theater Notes

MR. S. N. Behrman's comedy, "The Second Man," which the Theater Guild is offering as its last bill of the season before the revival of "Mr. Pim Passes By," has in general the quality of a novelette. Its content is not very deep or very far explored. It lacks very often the character of stage writing; it has not the glitter and edge of comedy, nor the projection of dramatic writing. But it is nearly always pleasantly entertaining and easy. It has an obliging, good-natured matinee effect that placates and diverts you. And, most of all, it insinuates itself into your good graces by the acting brought to it and by Mr. Philip Moeller's most agreeable directing.

The title has a pleasant relation to the theme, which turns on two men and two women. One man and one woman are rich, the other two are poor. The second man is a scientist of the first water, all devotion, all sincerity, full of distinction of character and intelligence, empty of words and the charming rattle of talk. The other man is a writer, third-rate, sold out, playing the game. The second man is also in him: the still small voice of a mocking, disillusioned cynic and sybarite. Monica, the woman who loves this writer, determines to kill this second man. The other second man, the scientist, who loves her, she likes but cannot love. The other woman is the rich and experienced Mrs. Frayne, she loves the writer, too, but comfortably. In the end, Monica wonders how she herself could ever have loved him, and turns to the man whose depth of devotion and lack of words have up to this point got him nowhere.

All four of the performances in "The Second Man" are good. The most difficult are those of the scientist and Monica. Miss Margalo Gillmore does well with her part, in spite of its being written badly and in spite of the tedious repetition all through it and the tedious insistence on the note that she will save the man she loves from the evil genius of this second self that drags him down, a theme that needs real imaginative writing to save it from the mediocrity and trashiness of fourth-rate novels. A third of Miss Gillmore's part, as it stands now, would be quite remarkable, with that curiously high emotional intensity which she gives to it and which she seems to be able to fall into at once and to keep up without difficulty. Mr. Earle Larrimore's performance is the best of the lot. He has the dub-genius-sincerity-high-tone-awkwardness role that we are familiar with when loving scientists and professors appear on the stage. It is a part that may easily be mushy or unconvincing. Mr. Larrimore convinces all through, even in the place where he has been walking about in the rain all night and comes to shoot his rival. This makes three creations to Mr. Larrimore's credit, all in this season and all to be seen now, the son in "The Silver Cord," the husband in "Ned McCobb's Daughter," and this new character; all three well done and each quite different from the others.

Miss Lynn Fontanne gives a charming and very chic performance of a not difficult part. Mr. Alfred Lunt has every chance for his best playing and comes off with every applause. He needs to do two things to his portrayal. He should cut through the moment every now and then with a convincing note of possibility in the character; this writer has hints and echoes in him of something finer that he might perhaps have been, loose and luxurious as he is by nature, shallow as he is by habit. This would make Miss Gillmore's part a trifle more credible and less tiresome, by implying that she had some grounds for such passionate hopes for his redemption. The other thing Mr. Lunt should do is to mark more definitely those passages where the writer's mind jumps at a new subject or a new pleasure that comes on the horizon. This would heighten the effect of his glibness and invention and fecundity. It would make more credible the engaging spell he casts on the people around him, and would further the comedy that lies in a study of the born writer, the theorist, the launcher of projects, reflections, words, all fluent, agile, fleeting and soon forgotten in the rush of new themes and phrases. The dramatist, on his part, could have helped Mr. Lunt with a little more scoring and exploitation.

The Cradle Song

From the continued success of "The Cradle Song" at the Civic Repertory Theater, several interesting points arise.

Plainly there is a demand for poetic and lovely thought and purity of mood and feeling in the theater. Nobody but a Catholic could have written the play, and nobody but a Latin Catholic. The belligerent, controversial type that we have sometimes among us in America might well observe that sweetness and wit, that whim and humor and free-heartedness and humanity by which Martinez Sierra makes his religion so beautiful and his play so touching and delightful in its appeal. The scenic production of "The Cradle Song," without being any more expensive, needs to be much more lovely in mood and softer in atmosphere. Much of this could be done by better lighting, the first scene, the room with the cloisters beyond, needs all the top lighting changed. And the painting is bad, that blue spattering that has gotten so usual for stone and plaster effects in the theater is a cold and idle scene painter's device. If Miss Josephine Hutchinson is to run on in the young girl's speech, using so innocent and light a tone, then Miss Eva Le Gallienne's nun must register more and express more the emotion implicit in the scene; the girl's words are indeed drawn from the nun's soul; it is more a searching music of her life and heart than of the girl's that the scene contributes to the play. Mr. Alan Birmingham's speech from the young lover at the grill speaking to the girl and the nuns is too Latin to be put into English, and if it is done in English needs to be shortened, and needs to be read with a different rhythm from Mr. Birmingham's and a warmer, clearer voice.

Nevertheless, we could choose "The Cradle Song" over most of the things in town. The translation by Mr. John Garrett Underhill is admirable. The milieu, that convent life with the provincial world outside, is conveyed without descriptions or atmospheric moods or symbolizations, but through the medium of characters and acts. There is a pervading luminosity of emotion and characterization, an elusive accuracy of detail. People who see "The Cradle Song" will be surprised afterwards at the way it sticks in the mind. At the time, it may have seemed slight, rather thin for the stage. But the impression of it is fixed and lasting. This is because its key is sure and is harmoniously poised. It is

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touched with a kind of final, certain grace; something that minds innocent and quiet take for their heritage.

STARK YOUNG.

Reunion

WE were sitting around at the club the second day of the Reunion. We should have been at the game, and I was surprised to see so many people leave it. In my own case, I no longer enjoy watching baseball as much as I once did and, after marching on the field with my class, I went back to the club again with the intention of reading "The Great Gatsby." I didn't get very far, however: several other men soon joined me and, before the game was over, the lounge was full. When a newcomer would appear, we would reproach him for his lack of loyalty; and when we demanded "Why aren't you at the game?" he would answer simply, "What game?" or "We seemed to be dropping the ball so much and I always find that so depressing." I had never gone in for "college spirit" myself, but I was sorry to see the others so demoralized. We were all more or less drunk: the gin bottles stood around foursquare on the big mission tables and the mantelpiece like some austere and monumental motif of the university architecture. I commiserated with one man on the difficulty of getting anything decent to drink in Columbus; and from another I listened to a long encomium on the golf and good sense of his wife which made me think he was becoming dissatisfied with her. Clark Wilder presently appeared. "How's the game going?" somebody asked. "Heigho! lackaday! Here today—gone tomorrow!" said Clark; and then added, "It won't be long now!" This was a formula he had been featuring throughout the Reunion—to which he brought the extraordinary fortitude and endurance which had distinguished his record in the Argonne. Drinking heavily and constantly, his superb form was never affected: he always knew what he was doing and he never did anything disgraceful; his great frame was usually to be seen in the front rank of any parade and, whenever there was a speech to be made, he invariably spoke vigorously, coherently and nonsensically. When he was completely overcome with liquor, he would simply lie down and go to sleep, wherever he happened to be, and presently wake up as good as ever. When he arrived, everyone took another drink, and our lounging conversation, with its laughter at the end of pauses, in the wide and somber room where the afternoon sun sunk its shafts, began to convey the impression of a slowed-up moving picture. I asked Clark what he was doing and he told me he was working in a broker's office. "Ah, well!" he said, "it won't be long now!"

At last, after one of his most amusing speeches, a little deliberately and thickly delivered, he suddenly stretched out and went to sleep; a comparative silence ensued; and I presently dozed off myself. I was vaguely aware of people returning after the game, but I didn't wake up to ask who had won. When I did wake up, I found Newt Graves sitting in the leather chair next to mine. I was glad to see Newt again: I hadn't seen him for years—not since the War. He began to question me at once, with what I thought was an unnatural eagerness, as to what I was doing now: I told him that I had a job, but that I had not yet published the great Dantesque poem which I had contemplated during the years immediately after I got out of college. "In the Army, I used to long almost with tears," he said (I thought he was a little drunk, too), "for quiet and leisure to work. Just to get up in the morning and to know that you'd be there till evening! I bought a copy of Dürer's engraving of St. Jerome in a print-shop at Nancy, and I used to carry it around with me. I should certainly never have envied St. Jerome before I was in the Army, but the sight of that man writing there in that great clean solid room, with its heavy beams and thick walls, while the sun of a whole long day moved the panes of light from the windows across his desk and floor, and with a lion, which he apparently kept as a household pet, dozing contentedly beside him, used really to move me deeply. No privacy! no security! no peace! I worked in a flimsy little office that was finally blown to splinters by a shell and, as for taming lions, I used to get the feeling that we were all wild animals! And then one never had a moment for one's own thoughts! And one got so used to the conditions of war that the opportunities of peace seemed almost incredible. How wonderful to write a book, to pursue a line of study, to talk with one's friends in the evening of the affairs of the world! When one first got out of college, one had wanted more action and excitement; but one had had quite enough of that. One realized that, left to itself, humanity was a raving mad-house and that it was only by long patience and effort that any order could be brought into it—that any duckboards could be built across the swamp. But such patience and effort as were needed, how sweet they seemed to me then!"

I wondered what was on his mind: his tone was not the tone of disillusionment, but of the freshest enthusiasm, and I hardly knew how to meet it. I tried to find out what had happened to him, but all his answers baffled me. "I know," I said at last, obviously enough, but feeling somehow that he would not take it as obvious, "I suppose the peace, instead of giving us something to go on, only allowed us more or less to remain demoralized, so that we didn't know precisely what to lean on in order to commence our patient effort." He looked at me quickly: "I live so far away," he said, "that I know very little of what's going on. But things were so bad during the War that it seemed as if they couldn't very well help taking a violent turn for the better. I kept feeling more and more strongly that humanity couldn't stand it much longer and that when they did finally wake up from that nightmare, there would be such a reaction toward benevolence and peace as had never been known in history. At first, I kept looking forward to an ultimate triumph of liberalism; then, later on, I was ready to say with the communists that, if the governments of a capitalist Europe were unable to put a stop to a war which was wrecking the whole of their society and of which all parties were desperately sick, but which seemed now to be crashing on toward the abyss with the uncontrollable momentum of an avalanche, then it was time for sabotage and for a new order built on different assumptions; and I found myself beginning to expect a general European revolution. In any case, it seemed to me impossible that one could ever live indifferently or trivially again. If one survived, one would at least have the advantage of having received a profound revelation as to what was important in life and what was not, of seeing clearly one's only course

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and of pursuing it unfalteringly and fearlessly." He spoke hopefully. I thought that he must have lived very far away indeed not to know anything that had happened since the War; and in his mouth the word "humanity" seemed somehow to date. "Yes," I answered, "one didn't count on the fact that Europe was exhausting all its energy and that it was bound to be left too weak afterward to do anything very magnificent in the way of a new order; and we who were abroad during the War forgot that America was too remote and too ignorant to do much toward saving Europe. And then, not only the possibility, but even the desirability, of a real revolution began, in the long run, to seem doubtful. One even came eventually to doubt whether it was possible to adjust the difficulties of humanity by peaceful legislation: by a socialistic state or by a league of nations. Our experience of the Army, I believe, had a profound effect on our ideas, and a different sort of effect than at the time we thought it would. *Then*, we were principally conscious of a desperate thirst for freedom, which made us sympathize with everybody else who desired freedom—disfranchised citizens, dissatisfied laborers, oppressed nationalities. Yet the Army, in the long run, gave us a lower opinion of humanity. Hitherto, we had been in the habit of looking somewhere—to some powerful institution or class—for justice and reason. However skeptical we may have thought ourselves, we really continued to believe instinctively that the lawyers could settle quarrels, that the doctors could cure disease, that the clergy could preserve Christianity, and that the government could maintain order. We had, further, a sort of confidence in the instincts of the common man. But, in the face of the chaos of the War, the professions and the government seemed futile. No one who has ever watched an army doctor trying to deal with a flu epidemic will ever get over his impression of the miserable impotence of man at the mercy of bacteria. And as for the common man, to live with him and to work with him is to learn to sympathize with and to like him, is even to feel the deepest solidarity with him. But, however much one may dislike army discipline or admit that soldiering is the one job in the world which almost no one does willingly, it is very difficult for anybody who has had intimate experience of a military unit to imagine effective action being taken by any large number of men without a firmly established group of superiors who are empowered to dragoon and penalize the rest. So that young men who went into the Army with Kropotkin under their arms not infrequently came out with a conviction that there was something to be said for Mussolini. But what affected one's ideas most of all was one's eventual realization of one's own fatal human inadequacy and one's own capactiy for demoralization. It isn't at all difficult for young college men to think well of themselves, but, in a sense, it is perhaps impossible for soldiers to do so. I don't speak merely of the periods of nervous strain, though many men have never really got over them: much of our modern instability is an inheritance from it. But to have actual experience of one's own possibilities for cowardice, for brutality, for bestiality, to have it brought home to one how easy it is to abuse a position of power, however petty—is enough to give one pause in any sanguine assumptions about mankind. How many men, do you suppose, in this room have more even than the blood of the enemy on their souls? How many know that, through their helplessness or their fault, they have wasted the lives of those whom they were pledged to protect—aviators who will never cease to reproach themselves with not having given proper instruction to one of their pupils who came to grief; doctors and orderlies who have let men die through negligence; commanders of companies who have misunderstood their orders and led their troops into unnecessary danger or who, too well instructed in military pedantry, have suffocated half their men by sending them back to check up on the damage in a shack which had been bombed with gas! Colonel Whittlesey, who, in spite of his glory, was tormented by the realization that he had wasted, through his own blunder, the lives of his men, finally killed himself. To learn to think ill of oneself is to learn to think ill of the world. It's no wonder if, since the War, we have tended to gravitate further and further away from ideas of perfectibility which assumed a natural goodness and wisdom on the part of humanity—if, indeed, we become reactionaries and read classical pessimistic writers instead of hopeful romantic ones and, taking refuge in such established fortresses as the poor human race has been able to provide, unexpectedly find ourselves on the side of property, convention and authority!"

There is nothing like a little gin to make an eloquent moralist. Newt smiled a little disappointedly. "Well, there are evidently some compensations," he said, "about being in my condition." I was going to ask him what his condition was, but Clark Wilder suddenly came to. "Well, thanks for the buggy ride!" he declaimed, with his hoarse, deliberate laugh. "Here today and gone tomorrow—if any!—*if any!*" he repeated, delighted to have found a variation. Everybody laughed and we all had another drink. When I looked around, Newt was gone. Later on, I asked Clark what Newt Graves was doing now. "What do you mean? Newt Graves is dead," he said. "He was killed in the War." "But I saw him here just now," I insisted. Clark laughed his slow drunken laugh: "Ideal reunion," he said. "Not only see class-mates who are alive, but get drunk enough to see class-mates who are dead!" "I know he's dead," he added in a moment. "He was adjutant of my outfit for a while, and we had a leave together once to Nancy. We used to have long conversations. He was about the only person at Toul that I could talk to and I missed him after he was killed."

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Missionaries in Nanking

SIR: With reference to your editorial in the April 6 New Republic, re the Nanking affair, I think, as an old resident (of fifteen years) of Nanking, I can perhaps elucidate one or two matters. Every mail from China has brought us letters from both Chinese and American friends there, the last written March 10, and we had copies of cables sent by the University officials, as well as copies of others to various Mission Boards.

The Americans (most of whom are missionaries) did not leave Nanking for several reasons. One is that missionaries are not in a habit of running from their post at every sign of danger, although they, in general, do so under advice of their consuls, or as a last resort. This is not because they stay to guard property—the American public could perhaps understand that (we

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have seen no press criticism of Hankow business men still staying on with their interests in that harassed city), but because by staying they are generally able to bring comfort, courage and in the past have been able to afford protection even to scores of their endangered Chinese friends. When we first went to China, in the stirring days of the Revolution, I was among those quick to criticize missionaries who "made it difficult for their consuls and governments" by staying in endangered areas. After I had lived in Nanking through several war scares and seen whole populations terrified for life and limb, seen women and children crowding into mission compounds and kept safely there while looting and pillage went on all about them, I realized that it is the only *human* thing to do. It is for these people that missionaries are there. They would merit our scorn if they ran off to save their own skins on the approach of danger. The city was full of Shantung soldiers, "lean gray wolves," Mrs. Williams, wife of the murdered American, called them in her last letter to me. All the letters bear testimony that the local people feared them greatly, and expected them to loot before they left the city. I know of cases where Chinese connected with the University had already taken refuge in American homes. The University was full of students, "normal enrollment and fine spirit," our last cables had said, who had paid their money for their semester's work. Many of these students were unable to get home, had they desired. The same was true of Ginling College (the women's college), several girls' and boys' high schools, and other schools. Could these students, especially girls, be turned out to shift for themselves while their teachers ran away? The hospital was full of sick, and always in time of trouble the University hospital, the only real hospital in Nanking, has been of enormous service in times of war and looting, and the staff, even the women nurses, have thought of nothing but staying on their jobs.

Then there was nothing in all the events that had happened in other places to cause anyone to anticipate a premeditated, systematic looting of foreign homes and institutions. The trouble in Hankow was set down to the fact that there were concessions there, and different letters reveal plainly that the Nanking folks felt as safe at home as anywhere. They speak of the dubious refuge of Shanghai. Shanghai was full of refugees from further up country, living quarters most difficult to find, and life there difficult for everyone. Nanking foreigners, because of their easy accessibility to Shanghai, have always waited to go out, giving folks from more interior places a preference.

Thirdly, where does the information come from that Americans in Nanking had stayed on in the face of advice from Consul Davis to leave? I do not believe such advice was ever given. No letter or cable we have seen hints such a thing, and the presence in Nanking of Mrs. Davis and their small children belies it. A cablegram from Bishop Graves of the Shanghai diocese had definitely said that he had thought their mission women should perhaps come out, but on the resident missionaries' advice, *after consultation with Consul Davis,* they had decided it was not necessary. This is no reflection on our consul there. He was raised in China and knows the country and people, and is a man of ability and understanding. I am sure the decision that it was unnecessary for Americans to leave was the result of the best wisdom and experience of the older members of the American communities. Such conferences have commonly been held in times of threatened danger in the past.

As to the killing of a large number of civilians by the shelling from the battleships, it would be impossible if the firing was confined to the Socony Hill area. There are no Chinese houses on the opposite side of that hill, except a few isolated and scattered farm houses. This land, both the hill and the country around it, was naked country and grave land, with only a few gardens and small farms, further in from the city wall, until the foreign houses were built there. Any casualties would necessarily be among those storming the hill, or the inevitable crowd of curious, watching the proceedings from the *ma-lu* (horse road) below.

In common with all people who really know the Chinese people, we deeply love, admire and respect them, and are in hearty accord with every movement that will help them to realize national unity and coherence. Our grief, then, is the greater to see them side-tracked and misled by *foreigners* from Moscow, who use them for their own ends, greatly increasing their difficulties in achieving their purpose of national realization.

Ventnor, New Jersey. PEARL M. TAYLOR SARVIS.

A Story of Philosophers

SIR: I was a little disturbed, while peddling philosophy across America, to come upon Morris Cohen's diatribe against me in your issue of February 23. Disturbed not by the attack—for I have received so much honey lately that a little gall will do me good—but by the spectacle of one whom I used to honor as destined to do great things for philosophy falling to so ungenerous a criticism. For the only definite point visible in Professor Cohen's letter is the contention that my book makes no original contribution to philosophy: it "throws little light on the nature and destiny of human life." (Perhaps the book does throw a little light in that direction, through the philosophies which it expounds.) But in the name of human courtesy, when did my "Story" pretend to make any original contribution to philosophy? Would Professor Cohen attack Ueberweg, or Erdmann, or Ritter, or Fischer, or Höffding, or any other of the professional historians of philosophy, on the ground that they had made no original contributions? A history is a history, not a treatise.

And my book did not pretend to be even a complete history; it disclaimed that in its very first words. It was an attempt to lure the lay reader into a love of philosophy, by letting him approach the study through the more human and intelligible problems first. Morris Cohen knows very well that if the book had paid less attention to "the nature and destiny of human life," and more to logic, epistemology, and his suddenly beloved Scholastics, it would have failed of its limited purpose. I am sorry that its success has so embittered him.

And I apologize for believing with Democritus that a philosopher who cannot laugh is an anemic spinster ripe for epistemology. Humor is of the essence of philosophy, and philosophy is of the essence of humor; each rises from that enlarged perspective in which everything can be forgiven smilingly, because it is seen in its little place. Some day, when I have unlearned laughter, I shall become a professor of logic, and bask in the sunshine of Professor Cohen's annual smile.

Dallas, Texas. WILL DURANT.

Ivan Bunin's Letter

SIR: The fragment from Ivan Bunin's letter to me, printed in the New Republic for February 23, was not intended for the public, and it found its way into your columns inadvertently. Bunin has accepted my apologies, but he insists on a correction to be made in connection with the phrase "the publishers cheat me to boot." He wants it clearly understood that the quoted phrase refers not to American publishers (he pays his specific respects to Messrs. Knopf and Holt), but to publishers in Russia and in small countries, who ignore his rights completely.

Berkeley, California. ALEXANDER KAUN.

Zest in Poetry

SIR: I have but one exception to take to Mr. Tate's kind review of "The Close Chaplet." If it is to be recorded that in "poetry by women" there is a "charm" which has nothing to do with poetic value but is only a manifestation of sexual zest, it should also be recorded that there is perhaps even more sexual zest manifested in the reading of "poetry by women" by men than in its writing by women. Apparently, sexual zest, which goes by the name of charm with Mr. Tate, has so much to do with the poetic value of poetry written by men that no distinction need be made between emotional revelations and poetry. We should be grateful to Mr. Tate for supplying us with this convenient masculine definition of "sharp objectivity."

LAURA RIDING (GOTTSCHALK).

Oxford, England.

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Sacco and Vanzetti

The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, by Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 118 pages. $1.

NICOLA SACCO, a shoe factory worker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish peddler, two Italian radicals, after a seven weeks' trial at Dedham, Massachusetts, ending July 14, 1921, were convicted of the murder of Parmenter, a paymaster, and Berardelli, his guard, who, while carrying a $15,000 pay-roll from the office of Slater and Morill, a shoe concern, to the factory, on the afternoon of April 15, 1920, at South Braintree, Massachusetts, were fired upon, robbed, and killed.

On April 9, 1927, sentence of death was passed upon these men by Judge Webster Thayer, who had presided at their trial.

The crime was, unhappily, a common enough instance of rough-shod banditry. The case, after nearly six years of court proceedings, has become a *cause célèbre,* which has challenged world-wide attention. Although the closing chapter has seemingly been written, so far as the Massachusetts courts are concerned, by the State Supreme Court's recent affirmance of the lower court's denial of a motion for a new trial based upon newly discovered evidence, there are many who believe that the end of this famous case is not yet. Why?

The events leading up to the arrest and accusation of Sacco and Vanzetti, their trial, and the subsequent court history of the case, have recently been made available in a concise, lawyer-like, and extremely readable critical analysis by Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School.

The pivotal issue at the trial was the identification of the defendants either as the two armed assailants who, it was testified, had shot down Parmenter and Berardelli, or as the occupants of a motor car, containing several men, which had been seen to drive up during the shooting and carry away the two gunmen and their loot. The theory of the prosecution was that Sacco had been one of the two to do the actual shooting, and that Vanzetti was one of the accomplices in the car. Fifty-nine witnesses testified for the Commonwealth, the evidence given by them falling into three classifications: first, evidence as to the identification of the defendants at the murder scene or as having been seen at South Braintree or its vicinity on the day of the murder; second, expert testimony seeking to link one of four bullets found in Berardelli's body with a Colt revolver found upon Sacco at the time of arrest; and third, evidence as to certain actions of Sacco and Vanzetti shortly before or after their arrest, and false statements made by them to the police, offered by the prosecution to show their "consciousness of guilt."

The defendants put on ninety-nine witnesses. The identification evidence of the Commonwealth was disputed point by point, and alibis putting each of the defendants at places other than South Braintree on the day of the crime were testified to by other witnesses. Both defendants took the witness stand, denied any part in the crime, and gave testimony which, if believed by the jury, accounted for their actions and lies to the police, claimed by the Commonwealth to show consciousness of their guilt. The explanation of the defendants to account for their false statements to the police when arrested and for their conduct at about the time of their arrest was that they feared prosecution or deportation because of their radicalism. Many of their comrades had been deported or prosecuted, and a radical named Salsedo had recently met his death by leaping to the sidewalk from the office of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice at New York, where he was in custody.

The vulnerability and extreme weakness of the prosecution's identification evidence, both inherently and when matched against the testimony of witnesses for the defense, are apparent from Professor Frankfurter's analysis of the evidence and the extracts from the trial minutes set out in his book.

The full significance of, and true weight to be given to, the expert testimony, by which it was sought to link the bullet in Berardelli's body with Sacco's pistol, did not clearly appear until after the trial, when a disturbing dress-rehearsal of prosecutor and witness was revealed and urged as one of many grounds for a new trial.

The acceptance or rejection of the defendant's explanation of the prosecution's evidence of "consciousness of guilt" would be much influenced by the temper of the courtroom, and especially by the social, economic and political predilections of the jurors and the community from which they were drawn. As Professor Frankfurter recalls, the period of the crime and accusation of Sacco and Vanzetti still found this country in the throes of a wave of prejudice against foreign radicalism in any form. The two defendants were Italians, professed radicals, pacifists and draft-dodgers. For the defendants to assert their fear of prosecution or deportation for radical views as an explanation of their lies and conduct when arrested was to expose them to the serious danger of really being convicted of radicalism, though in the form of a murder charge. To ensure them a fair trial it was of the greatest importance to create and preserve an atmosphere of extreme impartiality and calmness in the courtroom. Professor Frankfurter shows that the radical, pacifistic, political and economic views of the defendants were fully exploited on cross-examination. He makes stringent criticism of the conduct of the trial by the presiding judge and of the tactics of the prosecuting attorney.

More startling than anything that occurred at the trial itself, as mirrored in the pages of Professor Frankfurter's book, are certain disclosures which have been made and evidence which has been discovered since the verdict of the jury. Suffice it to note two of them here, each of which was made the basis of a motion for a new trial by the defense.

At the trial, one of the pistol experts for the prosecution was asked to express his opinion as to whether one of the bullets taken from Berardelli's body had been fired from Sacco's Colt revolver. The witness testified: *"My opinion is that it is consistent with having been fired from that pistol."* The Court charged the jury: *"Now, the Commonwealth claims that there are several distinct pieces of testimony that must be considered upon the question of personal identification. Let us see what they are: First, that the fatal Winchester bullet, marked Exhibit 3, which killed Berardelli, was fired through the barrel of the Colt automatic pistol found upon the defendant Sacco at the time of his arrest. If that is true, that is evidence tending to corroborate the testimony of witnesses of the Commonwealth that the defendant Sacco was at South Braintree on the fifteenth day of April, 1920, and it was his pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli. To this effect the Commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amburgh . . ."* After the trial, Proctor made an affidavit stating that he had not been able to find any evidence, as a result of tests he had made, to convince him that the particular bullet had been fired from Sacco's revolver, that he had so informed the Dis-

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trict Attorney before the trial, and that the question put to Proctor at the trial had been framed to permit the answer quoted above to be given.

Proctor's answer was technically correct, but easily misleading, and was, apparently, accepted as positive testimony by the Court and counsel for defense. It "got by." The prosecutor was complacent and silent, even when the Court charged, apparently, that the mortal bullet was identified by Proctor as Sacco's. No argument is necessary to show the importance of this kind of evidence and the vital effect it might have upon a jury. Did the jury understand this testimony correctly and in the sense in which, it has developed, the witness who gave it intended, or did the jury, because of the source of this testimony and the character of the Court's charge upon it, understand that here was evidence that Sacco's pistol had fired the shot which killed Berardelli? It would appear either that the Court was misled by the answer or that the Court misled the jury in his charge. The narrowness of the issue at the trial and the controversial nature of the evidence brought to bear upon it are persuasive to the view that the expert's testimony weighed vitally with the jury. Nevertheless, the defendants' motion for a new trial, based upon Proctor's affidavit, was denied by the trial court, and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, *limited to review of questions of law,* held on appeal that the lower court's action in this respect could not be held to be an abuse of sound judicial discretion.

Perhaps the most unusual development in this extraordinary case has been the gathering together of evidence by the defense lawyers tending to show not merely that Sacco and Vanzetti did not commit the Braintree murders, but that the crime was committed by others. The starting-point for this new investigation came on November 18, 1925, when a fellow prisoner of these two defendants, one Celestino F. Madeiros, himself a convicted murderer whose case was at the time on appeal, but still undetermined, sent to Sacco a note confessing that he was involved in the Braintree hold-up and absolving Sacco and Vanzetti from any complicity therein. As a result of this confession, there has now been built up a quite respectable affirmative case to account for the murder of Parmenter and Berardelli at the hands of the so-called Morelli gang, a band of professional criminals known to the police of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The Madeiros-Morelli theory of the murders was made the basis of another motion for a new trial by Sacco and Vanzetti. The motion was denied by Judge Thayer, and the Massachusetts Supreme Court has again held on appeal that Judge Thayer's refusal to grant a new trial could not as a matter of law be held an abuse of sound judicial discretion. With the decision of the Supreme Court on the last motion for a new trial, the corrective processes of the Massachusetts criminal system have, it seems, been exhausted. The soundness of that system, which limits the appellate court to review of questions of law, and does not permit a review of the facts, will be called in question by the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. Professor Frankfurter recalls that the English Criminal Appeals Act of 1907, giving to the English Court of Appeals a wide power of review in criminal cases, was passed as the result of a miscarriage of justice in the case of Adolf Beck.

Professor Frankfurter's book is absorbing, but it is uncomfortable. It will leave some with the conviction, others with the feeling, and many others with the fear, that Sacco and Vanzetti may be judicially and officially burned to death, not for murder, but for being draft-dodgers and communists.

EMORY R. BUCKNER.

Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark

Go She Must! by David Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN Mr. Garnett's last successful book, "The Man in the Zoo," there is a passage—in a letter written by the love-struck protagonist, I believe—which goes provocatively as follows: "To omit man from a collection of animals is to play Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark." Now in both of his previous books, "Lady into Fox," and "The Man in the Zoo," Mr. Garnett seems to have proposed to himself that he serve us as a wizard of naïveté, of unobtrusive charm, which shall be effected by way of rhythmic and quite engaging prose periods. The periods and the attractiveness of manner are always present in Mr. Garnett; they were most certainly present in those two books and yet, for some strange reason, man was omitted from his amusing collection of mammalia. Whenever he tried to create homo sapiens, Mr. Garnett succeeded only in giving us a synthetic personage, usually a person spotted with humors. In tackling "Go She Must!" it is perfectly clear that Mr. Garnett was suddenly confronted by the exigencies of the novel form. He seems to have recognized that, since his theme was a more or less serious one and his method narrative, it were best and most expedient to make up for his earlier lack and put in the Prince of Denmark.

Mr. Garnett has in the main failed, but he has failed with what might be called a quite brilliant redress. The translucent prose, with its rolling neat cadences, wins us from the outset. But his men and women, with one exception, are not quite full, spatial and, as the old song put it, "coming" enough. They do not come to us with an air of sharing the common bread of life with us; and this, let me add, despite the force and sensitivity of Mr. Garnett's descriptive gift.

The story of a girl who leaves her provincial home for the larger freedoms—the largeness being in this case chiefly a matter of romantic yearning—is not calculated to startle us. For one thing, we know, after all the trials by fire which the psychologists have put us through in recent years, that the freedoms of widest span dwell within us. Mr. Garnett does not seem quite to realize this. And so in Ann Dunnock, the central figure, instead of a complex body of impulses, good and bad, centripetal and centrifugal, we get a kind of a blue-print for a woman to be machined. It occurs to us, however, that the woman is, according to the specifications at all events, last year's model. Mr. Lawrence, to cite but one example, has done her closer to the rib.

The nearest approximation to the Prince of Denmark, or perhaps rather his uncle, the usurper, is Ann Dunnock's father, the rector of the church at Dry Coulter. He is a testy English clergyman with a weakness for birds. He disapproves in bilious fashion of the innocent Plough Monday sports; he will not, through some deep stain of perversity, no doubt, indulge his farmer neighbors, who harmlessly drive their share through his snow-covered garden. They humiliate him by putting their backs up, ploughing up his front doorstep. He remains untouched, unhumiliated at the core, *carapace* as he is to human contact. But then does he not love and abundantly indulge his favorites, the swallows?

If we consider Ann's mental processes, we are surprised at their lowness of tension, at their serenity, at their almost

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candid artificiality. She seems to talk and think—and it is the cadence of her thinking, so lucid and straight, that is, above all, unconvincing—like a hard-working foreigner who has learned English by soaking in the major works of Anthony Trollope. And as for Grandison, the man she meets in Paris and whom she eventually marries, his persiflage is the author's entirely, and the author almost forces us to believe, chiefly through the dialogue he puts into Grandison's mouth, that he himself is a creation of Michael Arlen. Richard Sotheby and Ginette might be straight out of the insouciant pages of Leonard Merrick.

On the other hand, there are the descriptions! It is a great temptation to quote from almost any chapter. Shall it be snowfield, farmland, moor, a drive or a country walk? I shall content myself here by giving the inimitable description of Mr. Dunnock skating.

> . . . Without giving his daughter another look, he hobbled rapidly to the edge of the ice and was off himself, slipping away as easily as a swallow that recovers the freedom of its elements after beating against window panes. His own strokes were as effortless as the flickering of a bird's wing. . . . . Mr. Dunnock never appeared to strike off, but leant gracefully forward, lifting a leg slightly to cross his feet and, changing his weight from one leg to the other, he flew lazily across the ice, picking his way without appearing to observe the existence of the clumsy young farmers. . . . . Eight after eight was drawn with the slow precision of a sleepy rook wheeling in the evening sky, before descending in a perfect spiral to roost on the topmost bough of the highest elm. . . . .

Well, in this brief passage you have Mr. Dunnock to the very life. And at the close, feeding his swallows, he scarcely notices his newly married daughter and her husband. " 'Angels,' said Mr. Dunnock, putting a finger to his lips. 'They are angels.' "

PIERRE LOVING.

A Saint Exhumed

A Methodist Saint, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 342 pages. $5.

HERE is the plain tale, that has needed little or no varnishing, of the rise of Methodism in America. It is necessarily less a biography of Bishop Asbury than a history of the Church he made triumphant, for if he had any private life (in the worldly sense), he never mentioned it, nor was it visible to his contemporaries. This record of his incessant labors reads like the millennial report that haunts the sweeter sleep of sales-managers: for miles accomplished, sermons preached, and souls turned in to the main office, it makes our modern evangelists appear very small-town indeed.

John Wesley, whom the author refers to as the "owner" of Methodism, invented the circuit-system, but Asbury gave it the New World to conquer. Sent from England when a young man, as one of several missionaries to convert the colonial heathen, Asbury, by the luck of the Revolution and his own politic neutrality, soon found himself in sole command of the field. With Baltimore and Philadelphia as his bases, he began that forty-five-year pilgrimage of evangelistic organization on which death found him still engaged. Back and forth over the length and breadth of the country he rode, from Maine to Georgia, singing, praying and preaching, studying the Bible and Wesley's sermons, denouncing sinners, authorizing preachers, founding chapels and Sunday Schools, presiding over conventions, and keeping a firm grip on his apostolic authority. His genius was executive: he was a shrewd leader, a resourceful and able organizer; he could not compete with other Methodist preachers in their ability to prostrate sinners with a few broadsides of roaring prayer, a rigid forefinger and a flashing eye; but he was the captain behind all these victories, and consolidated the positions after the shock-troops had won them; it was he who sent the circuit-riders hither and yon on their rounds of hell and glory. Asbury was an Englishman before he was a Methodist, and his followers soon proved that the Methodist evangel was peculiarly fitted to the American spirit. In some parts of England and Wales, Methodism had already shown that it could induce fits and paroxysms of hopping, but on nothing like the grand scale of some of the American camp-meetings. During a series of revivals in the Ohio Valley, entire congregations "were jerking, barking, jumping, hopping, dancing, prancing, screeching, howling, writhing in fits and convulsions, falling in cataleptic trances, and performing many other holy antics." One of these meetings, held at Cabin Creek, Kentucky, was attended by twenty thousand people.

Though the visible fruits of Bishop Asbury's labors were thus less spectacular than those of his lieutenants, in the long run they were even more important. He created the skeleton of the Methodist Church upon which all its organs now rest; he founded the Sunday School and the Methodist Book Concern, and sowed the seed from which has flowered the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. But it must not be supposed that his time was entirely, or even mostly, taken up with the duties of business. He prayed, preached, and meditated with the indefatigability of a man gnawed with salvation-hunger. In all his 300,000 miles of constant journeying, he had two cares: sanctification and the Church. And apparently his journey was successful, for when he died, he had established both.

This book is not a satire on Methodism, but a history of it. If the reader is made to feel that the two are perhaps parallel, and does not believe in the divine right of Euclidean geometry, then the author has gained his point.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Family Problems

Family Disorganization, by Ernest R. Mowrer. With introduction by Ernest W. Burgess. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 317 pages. $3.

THE family is the white heifer in our herd of sacred cows. It serves as a point of fixation for our infantile, undeveloped emotions. It finds sanctification in the myth of the Garden of Eden. It is buttressed about by law. Its detractors are deemed capable of all the venial sins. Indeed, the hapless Bolsheviki were finally damned in the eyes of the American public at large, not so much for their economic doctrines, as for their "fiendish attempt to destroy the family."

And yet, that something is wrong with the family, everyone is agreed. Its decline is the subject of editorial head-shakings, prophetic warnings from the pulpit, and gibes by radio announcers. In view of our emotional attitude toward the family, it is not surprising that on every side one hears the cry for reform. The program of the reformer, as Dr. Mowrer shows in his introductory chapter, has been chiefly of the "ordering and forbidding" type—a demand for more and better laws; or of the "Pollyanna"

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type—advocating the giving of cook-books to brides, the instructing of young wives in dressing attractively, and the withdrawal of the "Bringing Up Father" type of comics from the newspaper. In any case, "statistics" have been recklessly thrown about to prove contentions.

But, as Dr. Burgess remarks in his Foreword, astonishingly little is known about the nature and organization of the modern family, and reform can have no very intelligent basis. The purpose of Dr. Mowrer's study is a critical examination of our presuppositions about the family, and of the methods whereby we have arrived at them. The first part of the book deals with the validity and interpretation of the available statistical data. Prevailing notions—that statistics on divorce indicate an increase in family disorganization (apart from accurate data on desertion), that statistics indicate that family disorganization is dependent upon urban life, childless marriages, nationality or religion—are critically examined. Dr. Mowrer concludes that our statistical data are too fragmentary, and not sufficiently comparable to permit of accurate generalizations. He further points out certain fallacies in the current application of statistical method to the problem.

In an interesting chapter on the ecology of family disorganization, Dr. Mowrer then shows the intimate way in which the problem of family disorganization is related to community life. A large city, such as Chicago, tends to fall into fairly well defined areas with respect to types of family life. At the heart of the city is a non-family, one-sex area, harboring the "stem" of the migratory and the womanless colonies of the Persian, Greek, and Chinese. Surrounding this is the paternal family area of the immigrant and proletarian. In this area, the husband dominates, and families are large. In the communities of this area, family disorganization takes the form of desertion. Beyond this area is the area of the equalitarian families of the middle and professional classes, which show both divorce and desertion. Scattered through this area, in rooming-house districts, is the childless, "emancipated" family, with a high incidence of both divorce and desertion. On the outskirts of the city is the maternal family area of the commuter bourgeoisie, naturally dominated by the wife, where there is little of either divorce or desertion.

The last part of the book deals with the case-study method of approach to the problem of family disorganization. The case study grew up in the attempt of the social agency to deal with its problems. It serves as a basis of administrative action. Its data are formal. The generalizations to be drawn from case records can be little more than statistical. To Dr. Mowrer, the case method means something very different—the analysis of typical behavior sequences in the interplay of given personalities as related to a specific social situation. He skilfully dissects, from some extraordinarily interesting documents, what he considers to be the typical causal sequences of behavior in the process of family disorganization. One glimpses here new possibilities in the application of a natural science point of view to social behavior.

"Family Disorganization" is one of the most significant contributions to the methodology of social science that has appeared in recent years. Future research studies must reckon with its acute analysis of the statistical and case-study methods. For the social worker who must deal with family problems—and what social worker must not?—it will greatly illumine the vagaries of human nature. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that for some of our legislators it may at least supplement the Old Testament as a basis for legislation. The layman will find the diary of Miriam Donovan a bit of life hot with living. All in all, it should serve as one step toward a less emotional, more intelligent attitude toward the problems of the family.

HARVEY ZORBAUGH.

Miss Rickert: on the Sublime

New Methods for the Study of Literature, by Edith Rickert. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 275 pages. $3.

THE obscure author of the ancient treatise, "On the Sublime," wrote in an age of abundant literary activity. There was a great deal of writing, a great deal of criticism. But the purity and spontaneity of Græco-Roman letters had been suffocated in the descent—largely from within—of the barbarian; it was an age of cosmopolitanism and science. It was an age of refinement in style; it was an age, like ours, of grammarians. The intricate formulæ which Longinus dissected out of the Classics did not, so far as scholars know, stimulate a single important writer to a single important work. But he had the scientific temper. And if he had been urged to defend his methods—he was only a gentleman writing to a friend—doubtless his reply would have resembled Miss Edith Rickert's explanation of her purpose in "New Methods for the Study of Literature." In the first chapter of this interesting volume, Miss Rickert discusses Reasons and Methods. The most urgent reason for the scientific study of literature is the discredit into which, since the era of utilitarianism, the belles lettres of the mere humanist have fallen. Unless we can measure literature, unless we can reduce it to quantitative ideas, we shall lose it. I think Miss Rickert is mistaken about the novelty of her method; she has only applied it more thoroughly than her predecessors.

According to Miss Rickert, there are the usual elements of which a piece of writing consists—imagery, words, thought patterns, rhythms, tone patterns; to which she adds another, visual devices, and thus brings the method up to date. The student may apply the literary caliper with equal precision to Homer and to Mr. Joyce, but, we fear, with unequal discrimination.

Miss Rickert has constructed two schemes by means of which the elements of a piece of writing may be mathematically exhibited: statistical tabulation (a passage, say, is 24 percent imagery), and graphical representation, where the curves stand for the amount of use to which a literary effect is put in the progress of the given work. All literary effects become ingredients.

I say ingredients, deliberately, for Miss Rickert's working theory of literature is very like the nineteenth-century theory of the universe—it is quantitative, and literature is made up of "stuff" that can be fingered and measured. The test by which any method of literary inquiry must be judged, however, has two phases, and both are qualitative: Does a method permit the critic to know a good style from a bad; and does it yield to the contemporary writer a useful set of instruments and directions?

Since a large horse is not necessarily better than a small one, it may be safely asserted that Miss Rickert's book performs neither of these offices. It has, nevertheless, a singular virtue, and if the teachers who may use it can be counted on for a critical application of its devices, it will tend to lift the teaching of a fine art out of the current muddle of moral exhortation and propaganda. It concentrates on the properties of literature as art. In order to do this, however, Miss Rickert effects a disloca-

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Innocent or Guilty?

The supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, in a unanimous decision written and handed down by Justice William Cushing Wait yesterday afternoon, overruled the exceptions of the defence in the cases of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and declared "that a new trial is not necessary to prevent a failure of justice."
—*Boston Herald, April 6, 1927.*

The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has passed upon the strictly legal issues which alone were before it.

The guilt or innocence of SACCO and VANZETTI were *not* in question.

They were condemned according to the forms of law.

Were they *justly* condemned?

Many of the foremost citizens of Massachusetts do not believe so. To decide for yourself read

THE CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI

By FELIX FRANKFURTER

Professor of Administrative Law, Harvard University

The entire civilized world has watched the courts of Massachusetts during the progress of this case.

The accused are now under sentence of death, decreed for next July. Committees and organizations, whose members include many noted men and women, are now working to save them. Earnest and high-minded citizens are devoting their efforts to prevent what they believe is an appalling miscarriage of justice.

In Felix Frankfurter's book is a thorough analysis and review of this portentous case. The evidence is sifted and appraised by one of the country's most astute legal minds. The crime, the arrest, the evidence, the accused men's belief that radicalism, not murder, was the charge against them, are so presented that the reader is enabled to draw his own conclusions.

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tion of the total esthetic experience; the personal quality of the poem is translated into mathematical number; and in that version the formidable stylistic incompetence of Mr. Dreiser looks quite like the stylistic perfection of Henry James. Dreiser and James may appear numerically different in the graph; the difference in quality cannot be summed and put into the record. Yet it is with problems of quality that criticism, as distinguished from pedagogy, must always be primarily occupied.

ALLEN TATE.

Adventures in Memory

All Summer in a Day, by Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

THERE has been much vague talk about the influence of Marcel Proust, but now at last a young Englishman presents himself as an authentic disciple. Sacheverell Sitwell has gravely and self-consciously composed, at the age of twenty-five, an "autobiographical fantasia," believing that his memories have more value at that age than if he permitted them to cool until he had attained seventy-five years. His theory is neat and clear-cut.

> With regard, then, to one's private mythology . . . those who know anything of interest had better say it; for such little flashes and flickers of light are one's own property and visible to no one else. They get further and further away, and will soon be beyond recall; and this explains why I have seized these short and intangible moments in preference to more durable and concrete meetings.

In the first part of this curiously intricate book, Sitwell compresses into one day the typical events, the fragrant memories, of a summer when he was awakening from boyhood into an almost painful awareness of the world around him. The slow tranquil flow of the days in his country home, recollections of his visits to a seacoast town, with its band concerts and parades, fleeting ghosts of old friends from a generation now vanished—these are woven into his tapestry work of a day's memories.

Less interesting, in its exhaustive analysis of past emotion and of the fancies that emotion provoked, is "Summer in a Night," the second part of the book, which recreates his tortured symbolic impressions of a flashy little dancer glimpsed for one day in a provincial town. The weaknesses and the merits of his method are here apparent.

Sitwell's mind appears to be like a crystal with hundreds of minute facets, which catches the light of experience and breaks it up into every conceivable angle and color. To him, nothing is simple. His sensations, for example, on hearing ragtime, are refined and examined through pages of highly metaphorical writing. A tune evokes some fragile memory, sends him sailing backward along his "stream of consciousness" or forward into realms of abstract fancy. As a result, the experience itself is somehow lost.

This lack of focus is Mr. Sitwell's defect. Proust, while equally tortuous in his retrospective manner, creates out of his memory a rich, breathing world, palpable, complete. Sacheverell Sitwell leaves behind only a many-colored blur. One has the impression of delicate descriptions, preserved in lavender, of a subtle, sensitive mind attempting self-explanation, of extraordinarily unique and beautiful metaphors. But, on the whole, the young author fails to make his high moments as poignant and illuminating as they obviously were in actual experience.

"All Summer in a Day" remains, nevertheless, one of the most interesting experiments that have appeared recently in English prose. One feels that it would be fruitful for other writers to dig down with similar patience into their wells of memory, instead of dealing largely in rapid, episodic experience. It is a pleasure, moreover, to find a young writer whose style, in its color and music and precision, is part of the best English tradition.

EDITH H. WALTON.

The Architectural Sculpture of the State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska, by Charles Harris Whitaker and Hartley Burr Alexander. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects. $10.

THIS book is unique and admirable for more than one reason. The work that it illustrates is perhaps the most distinguished achievement in contemporary American architecture; for the Nebraska State Capitol is one of the few buildings in which a modern exterior, of vital design, has been welded into a statuesque whole through the integral use of sculpture. In the Nebraska Capitol, through the combined work of Goodhue, the architect, and Lee Lawrie, the sculptor, masonry came to life again, and with it, an appropriate ornamental form, plaques of low relief, bold bands of lettering that serve instead of moldings, and great statuesque figures, rising out of the heavy masonry, catching the high lights, and accentuating, by appropriate symbolism, the office of the building itself. After a whole generation which has associated solidity of construction and serenity of composition with interminable porticos and endless chains of eggs-and-darts, embellished with dull replicas of vanished Deities or dubious Virtues, it is a relief to hail this building of Goodhue's as the real thing, and not the simulacrum. Mr. C. H. Whitaker, the editor of the Journal of the American Institute of Architects and a friend of the deceased architect, and Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander, the philosopher, have joined to describe the shaping of this edifice by "time and circumstance and the never-ending dream." In its inception and its execution the Nebraska Capitol is a remarkable building; and it is enough to say of this book that, in typographical excellence, it is a worthy monument to an even worthier monument. L. M.

Contributors

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EMORY R. BUCKNER has just resigned the U. S. District Attorneyship of the Southern District of New York, after serving with distinction since March, 1925.

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